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"ONABEL."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BESSIE LYNN.

The Mohawk tribe were gathered round
Their noble chieftan, Muscaton;
A dark eyed maiden stood beside,
Destined to be the chieftain's bride.

The daughter of a far off chief,
A captive, brought from the frozen north,
Beautiful and bright as the morning sun,
She won the heart of Muscaton.

A feast was spread for the many guests;
Her hair with scarlet berries dres'd;
Royal robes of the finest skins,
And dainty beaded moccasins.

But look! she waves her hand with silent token,
And from her lips these words came, broken—
"People of the Mohawk tribe,
Grant me speech 'ere I'm a bride.

Far away from the spirit land
There comes a sigh on the northern wind,
From Ke-we-wa, the brave who fell
To save the life of Onabel.

My heart is there, with my lover slain,
And cold is the hand your chief would claim;
O, listen to Saco's captive daughter,
And send her home near the frozen water."

Muscaton's eyes, they burned so fierce,
As though her very soul would pierce:
"I ne'er would claim an unwilling bride—
Go to your spirit lover's side."

Slowly he drew his hunting knife,
The while on the maiden's face he gazed—
No fear in the dark eyes met he there,
But a look of sorrow and despair.

"The maid is brave, and Saco's daughter
Shall go to her home across the water—
Muscaton will never claim
The bride who pines for her home again."

Frankford, Pa.

KING FARO

AND HIS SATELLITES;

Being Leaves from the Diary of

A REFORMED BOWERY BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY JOHN COOPER VAIL,
AUTHOR OF "THE HEBREW GLADIATOR," "LA TOUR DE NESLE," "LIFE SCENES IN OUR GREAT CITIES," ETC.

BOOK I.—PART III.

John Pangloss was an honest and worthy citizen, spite of his lowly calling, and though fully resolved that all the gold in the world should not tempt him to do a dishonorable act, the bearing of the mysterious stranger puzzled him sorely. He scanned him closely from under his bushy eyebrows, as he securely fastened up his place, but could not recollect of ever seeing any one who resembled him before. His mysterious visitor said nothing more until the book-stall was fairly closed, when he remarked, "John Pangloss, I am ready to accompany you."

The apartment that Pangloss occupied was only a square distant, and the stranger seemed glad to find that his host tenanted it alone. A cosy sea-coal fire burned in the small grate; and the room was furnished plainly yet comfortably.

"John Pangloss," said the stranger, "you must not feel offended at any remarks I am about to make, and in the sequel I promise that you shall be satisfied that my motives are perfectly just and honorable."

The book-stall keeper bowed his head, and said:—

"Please explain how I can be of service to you."

"I at once I have been informed by the most credible authority that you was once the most accomplished and successful gamester in all London."

"Too well you have learned my former history," said Pangloss, with a sigh; "but are you not also aware that at my dying mother's request I resigned cards and dice forever, and returned every penny of my ill-gotten gains, as nearly as I could, to those whom I had wholly or partially ruined, and then with the small pittance that remained, started the humble business from which I now earn an honest livelihood?"

"I have learned of that part of your history also, and it is one of the principal reasons why I have called on you to-night: and as a proof that I am in earnest, accept this purse, containing one hundred guineas, as the first instalment of a hundred times the amount, if you will become my tutor and teach me any trick and device, every species of chicanery, by which one man may defraud another with these account books of the kingdom of satan." And he laid a French, English and Spanish deck of cards on the table.

"Never," said Pangloss, emphatically. "I will learn no man the *role* of a gambler. My promise to my dying mother I consider as sacred and not to be broken."

"You would teach no man. Well, so be it. John Pangloss, I will trust you, and you alone, with a secret dearer to me than my life. I am a woman."

"A woman!" said Pangloss, with astonishment depicted in every feature.

"Yes, a desperate, maddened woman, thirsting for revenge against the reckless, law defying villain who foully slew my fond, devoted husband; a bravo, whose foul hands are steeped with human blood, and, and—soft—I must be cool, calm and collected, or I lose the stake for which I play. John Pangloss, you have my secret, yet one thing more. I call on God to witness that, aside from my dark dream of vengeance, I am as pure in thought and deed as these white lilies that remind me of the happiest hours of my life."

"May I ask what was your husband's name?"

"Charles Brandon."

"True, now I remember. He fell by the hand of Major Dalkeith in a duel."

"It was a foul assassination, John Pangloss, nothing more nor less, for my husband knew no more of the use of fire-arms than a child. There, my blood is boiling again when I think of it. Down, busy memory, down. Listen—the service I require of you is to teach me, to the fullest extent, your unlawful art, and I promise you on the word and honor of a woman incapable of falsehood, that I will put the knowledge that I acquire at your hands against no other person on earth but Major Dalkeith. I am wealthy, and I never as yet have spent the interest of the fortune bequeathed me by my fond father and devoted husband."

"And your plan is——"

"To foil him with his own weapons—reduce him to beggary—and then shoot him down like a dog. At cards I am as yet a novice; with the pistol I have no compeer this side of the antipodes. I promise you sacredly that should I succeed in my undertaking I will bestow all my fortune in charitable purposes, and retire to a convent for the remainder of my days."

"I agree," said Pangloss, after a moment's reflection, "for it seems to me as if the hand of Providence was leading you on to blot that villain from the earth. But there is one drawback; Dalkeith and myself are the only two persons in Europe that understand the manner of shuffling and cutting the cards by which he who retains the bank must inevitably win."

"Then it will be plot and counter-plot, and I shall have him at an advantage on account of his not being aware of my skill."

"True, I did not think of that. Come, Mister or Madam—how must I address you? shall I teach you your first lesson to-night? for I assure you it will take weeks, maybe months of practice, before you can compete with Dalkeith."

"You may call me for the present the Marquis of Lilies. Let us begin, for like an apt pupil, I am all impatience to acquire your skill."

Throughout the long hours of the night, and even when the sun's glorious beams gilded the spires of London, John Pangloss explained the mysteries of the cards to the Marquis of Lilies, and never was there a more earnest teacher, or a scholar more willing to learn.

* * * * * *

In the spring of the following year a welcome guest visited the hells of St. Jermyn street, and was the cynosure of every eye at Almach's and the opera. The name he bore was Don Sebastian D'Alcantra, Knight of the Golden Fleece and Order of St. Jago, and the needy adventurers of the saloons had made up their minds that he was a splendid pigeon to be plucked, for the report was rife that his riches bordered upon the marvelous. He lavished his gold with unbounded largess, and a competent lapidary had pronounced the diamond that adorned his shirt frill the second jewel in the kingdom. As yet he had never played, but he sat night after night watching the fluctuations of the game at the Faro table, over which Major Dalkeith presided, as if interested in every turn of the cards from the box, though he never wagered even a guinea.

In language and manners he was a perfect gentleman, with a few eccentricities of manner. He drank nothing but water or iced sherbet, and his toilet was always completed with a bunch of white lilies. It was noticed, also, that he never paid court to any of the gentler sex, and received all their advances with the most studied and reserved politeness.

From the first day that he entered the hell over which Major Dalkeith presided the veteran gamester had marked him for his prey. It is only a question of time, he communed with himself—no man possessed of such wealth can visit a gaming house night after night without at length throwing down the gauntlet. *Ennui* or self esteem will lead to it, if nothing else.

Major Dalkeith was right. The bank over which he presided was the richest in London, and the flyer a most liberal one—2,500 guineas or double cards and half that amount on cases, though only the wealthiest of the nobility ventured such large sums.

The game was what is called a full one the night when Don Sebastian D'Alcantra made his first wager. Dalkeith, with that peculiar trick that none present, save Alcantra, understood, set up a king to win on the last turn out of the box. When three kings had showed, and the cards were all turned out but one turn, he coolly said:—"I wager you, Major Dalkeith, your limit on the king."

It is proverbial among gamesters that a novice, when the dealing is fair, generally wins the first time he plays, and some of the veterans about the table followed Alcantra's lead with minor bets, swelling the gross amount, however, to nearly five thousand pounds.

Major Dalkeith's face beamed with a pleasant smile. Alcantra was in the toils. He was said to possess rich diamond washings in Brazil, and an unlimited number of shares in a Mexican gold mine. His first lucky venture would lead him on until all his vast resources were added to the funds of the bank. In imagination the priceless jewel that flashed rays of light from Alcantra's hand already reflected with untarnished splendor from his own. He drew the cards from the box, and announced in a cheerful tone of voice, though the turn cost him close upon five thousand pounds, "the ten loses—king wins."

The capital of the bank was sixty thousand pounds. If he lost twelve such wagers he was ruined.

The following deal terminated with the same result, and Alcantra doubled the sum he had already won. He seemed to care nothing for his winnings, for with boundless generosity he staked all the needy gamblers about the board. Perfectly at ease (so unlike a novice who clutches his gains with the grasp of a miser) he inhaled the perfume of his lilies and sipped his iced sherbet as though he cared for nothing but to dispel the *ennui* of the passing hour; but his dark, piercing eye never for a single moment ceased to watch every movement of the faro banker from the commencement to the close of the deal.

For the first time in many months Dalkeith closed the game for the night the loser of fifteen thousand pounds. Of this amount Alcantra had won two thirds, and the other third was gained by those who had followed his play. Dalkeith felt rather uneasy. After Alcantra had won his first wager, the wary banker had played his most startling advantages to win back his loss, but spite of all precedent, the young man whom he deemed as a novice had foiled him with his own weapons. Dalkeith was shrewd, and thoroughly versed in the intricacies and chicanery of gambling. It might be that Alcantra understood the legerdemain by which he caused the card that seemed most plausible to win, to lose for the player, and if such were the case, he might as well hurl the money of the bank into the salt sea. Yet, who could have taught him? There was only one man in London, John Pangloss, and John Pangloss had not been seen in a gambling house for twenty years. The hound that hunted for human game was sorely at fault.

On the following night Dalkeith resolved to do that which he had not done for years, deal the cards on the square.

Alcantra was one of the earliest visitors, and the table was soon filled with players. Many of them had been recipients of his bounty, and he was a favorite. Should kind fortune favor him again, they felt that as Jupiter kissed Diana in a golden shower, he would be their Jupiter, and lavish on them his easily acquired gains.

Alcantra saw that Dalkeith dealed and cut the cards fairly. The made it an equal game and the latter had decide. He had taken a seat in the very centre of the table, and was regarded by all to be the most prominent player. He placed a marker upon the queen for the limit—2,500 guineas. Dalkeith drew the cards from the box, and soon the queen showed in his favor. Alcantra could scarcely suppress a shudder. When the game was fairly played, fortune sided with the red-handed murderer.

She was about to place a similar amount on the queen again, when a voice that *she* knew could only come from beyond the grave, whispered in her ear:—"*Dear Lucy, play the ace!*"

Though that endearing voice thrilled her whole being, she did not startle or betray any outward agitation, for she felt that a guardian angel stood near to protect her from harm, and she responded:—"*Dear Charles, I will obey thee.*"

As Alcantra to the world, but Lucy Brandon in reality, with undoubting faith she shifted her marker for the limit of the bank on the ace, and on the turn the ace of hearts won.

Thenceforward she never lost a wager. Deal after deal the result was always the same—the ace went invariably against the bank whenever Dalkeith shuffled and cut the cards fairly. In three hours all that remained of his vast capital was £5,000.

Drops of perspiration streamed down his face, for the money that he had accumulated by years of fraud and villainous practice was fast fading away. He forgot the sphere of society in which he was moving, and cursed with unhallowed oaths the cards, himself, and all mankind. On the last deal, that was either to recuperate his fortunes or render him a beggar, he used the swindler's shuffle, and cut and set up the ace of spades when it became a case to win for the bank. The ace of diamonds was the top card, that is in right, and Lucy knew that another ace was arranged to lose on the turn. No copper bets were allowed at the hells in St. Jermyn street, so Lucy quietly bided her time. As she had foreseen, the ace of clubs lost on the turn, and the ace of hearts and ace of spades only remained in the box, the one uncertain, the other sure to win for the bank.

Lucy did not cast aside the advice given to her beyond the game, and the ace of hearts turned up true to her fortunes. Dalkeith ground his teeth, and breathed hard. Should the next turn be unfavorable, he was indeed a beggar.

"Will you allow me, Major Dalkeith," said Lucy, "to play for this once your limit on doubles to a case?"

"Yes," responded Dalkeith, hoarsely, at the same time feeling confident that he would win, and have a chance to retrieve his ill luck. "2,500 guineas goes on the ace."

"Not so," said Lucy. "Be kind enough to shift my marker to the queen."

It was observed by the lookers on that the Major's hand trembled as if stricken by palsy as he shifted the marker according to his antagonist's request.

There still remained three turns in the box, but the queen turned up against him, and the great Faro bank of St. Jermyn street was broken.

"Major Dalkeith," said Lucy, quietly, as she rose from the table. "I have a piece of information that may be useful to you if ever you encounter a novice again. I am a pupil of your former partner, John Pangloss."

Maddened at his losses, the Major raised the heavy dealing box to hurl at the head of the one who had reduced him to beggary, but a dozen of those who had received Lucy's bounty interfered to save her. The Major, whatever his fighting qualities might be, had lost caste when reduced to poverty.

With him it was the old story—a challenge was given and accepted on the spot—the duel to take place on the following morning at the usual resort behind Lyme House.

Many of the crowd felt sorry that the life of one so generous and wealthy should be placed in jeopardy with one so skilled in the use of the pistol as Dalkeith, but Lucy said:—

"Fear not the result, my friends; I am as certain to shoot him through his foul heart, as I am that my name is not Don Sebastian D. Alcantra, and that I bear a prouder title as the Marquis of Lilies."

* * * * * *

It was a fair, unclouded morning, when the antagonists met at the appointed place, each true to the time. Lucy seemed cool and collected, but it was remembered afterwards that the hand of Major Dalkeith shook like an aspen leaf, and that his frightful losses seemed to have unnerved him.

The ground was measured, and the seconds placed their men at the usual distance, twelve paces.

"There is no apology to be made?" said Lucy's friend."

"None from my man if you plead 'till dooms day. The Major is as ravenous for Alcantra's blood as a hu-

LOUIS HASELMAYER, Escamoteur and Professor of Music.

For Biographical Sketch see elsewhere.

man tiger. Bye the bye, the Major told me to ask you one thing if you will not deem me too inquisitive."

"Say on."

"Why does Alcantra, even at this solemn moment carry in, his left hand that boquet of lilies that he never seems to lay aside?"

"No offence whatever. He told me last night. They are his armorial bearings, an emblem of purity and truth, that continually remind him of a very near and dear departed friend—Charles Brandon."

The seconds retired to their respective places, and when he who waited on Dalkeith whispered to him it was seen that he reeled for a moment like a drunken man.

The issue did not long remain in doubt. The word was given to fire, and Lucy stood scatheless. The bullet from Alcantra had pierced Dalkeith's heart, as she had foretold the night before.

The scene of our story changes to the city of Paris, midnight, by the pal of Notre Dame; the place, the confessional of the convent of the Sacred Heart.

"And are you willing to renounce the world and all its pleasures?" said the holy Father, as he bent over the form of a woman closely veiled, who was kneeling at his feet.

"I am, father; the world has no charms for me."

"Think, daughter, before you take the final step. You are young, handsome, and possessed of boundless wealth."

"I have pondered over what you say, father. Youth is but an atom to the countless years of eternity. Handsome! so was the Magdalen who knelt at Jesus' feet. Wealthy! that heart is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal that feels not charity, and all that I possess I give unto the poor. Besides, most holy father, I have something on my mind I have not told you yet. The confessional is sacred. As true as one above rules Heaven, earth and sea, *I have spoken to a human soul long after it had left its tenement of clay:*—the soul of my husband, Charles Brandon."

Such a startling proof of the dim heresyfter had never even strengthened the holy father's theology. He felt that the conversion was real, and he urged no farther objections to the fair penitent. The friendly gates of the convent closed on Lucy Brandon; and Juan Alvarez, Don Sebastian D'Alcantra, and the Marquis of Lillies were known among the world's people no more.

Thus endeth the first book of the Chronicles of King Faro and his Satellites.

BOOK II—PART I.

"The dance is o'er, but they howl again,
For they gamble now for the souls of men;
And the dice box was cut from a gambler's heart
By the fearful skill of a demon's art;
And the dice were cut from a gambler's brain.
And they shout with joy when a soul they gain.
With each horrid throw has fallen a soul,
And a mortal is doomed in hell to howl."

The Demon's Marriage.

At what period of history the monarch Faro made his first advent in Germany, it is impossible to ascertain. Henry the Fourth was an ardent lover of all games of chance, and it is more than probable that the game was known throughout the principal cities of the empire during his reign. Francis the First, who was crowned at Frankfort in 1745, was an admirer of the fair sex, and ever ready to participate in those circles of society where cards and dice predominated. Germany has always been acknowledged by the historian and scholar as a land of mysticism and romance. The German who stakes his money at Baden Baden, or other licensed hells of continental Europe (we are speaking of the educated and patrician class) does so with the *sang froid* of a Turk, who believes in fatality, and, whether he loses or wins, betrays neither chagrin or pleasure. If the worst comes to the worst, he can, at least, borrow a pistol for temporary use from a friend, and failing that, he can pawn his last coat and raise sufficient to purchase charcoal enough to send him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." The princely revenue that the German hells pay the government is proof that immense sums change hands in these sanctuaries of vice. The German mind is imaginative to the superlative degree. They are deep thinkers and hard workers at whatever they undertake. No country but Germany could have passed through the fiery ordeal of a thirty years' civil war. It was a German who revolutionized a religion that had battled with time for more than fifteen centuries. The "Faust" of Goethe and the "Bells" of Schiller portray as grand conceptions as have ever appeared in any language. What strange mystery seems to surround Wallenstein, who appeared to have a facility of producing armed men like Cadmus; for did he not, for certain concessions made to him by the Emperor, arm and equip sixty thousand men at three months notice ready to do battle in the German wars? How phantom like he stalks before us on the page of history, with his tall, red plume and long, lithe rapier forged in Holy Land with the waters of Damascus. Like Napoleon the First he was a firm fatalist, and believed himself impregnable while the star of his destiny revolved above the zenith. It is said that he foretold he would die by the hands of an assassin, and such was his ultimate fate. This was prophesied when he stood on the pinnacle of power when the breath of his voice made and unmade kingdoms. From the Hartz mountains to the swift waters of the Danube, Germany is prolific with strange and terrible tales of those who have sold themselves to the enemy of mankind for worldly gain. The fiends who haunted the black forest have scarcely been hunted to pandemonium by the railroad and the telegraph. The illiterate peasants who people that district say they have often heard the horn of the wild huntsman, and they believe in the wizard power of the glass manakin.

There is an awful narrative from the German, entitled:—"Schroll, of Troubandorf." It says that Schroll sold himself body and soul to the arch fiend for the power to win at gambling whenever he desired. One stipulation in the contract was that the name of Schroll should cease to exist. We are not superstitious enough to believe in such a strange story, but it is impossible to find a person at present who bears that name.

During the summer season of 1846, a very singular individual made his appearance at Baden-Baden. He was a tall, dark-featured man, with a profile of a decided Grecian cast. He parted his hair (of which he had an abundance of jet black curls) in the centre, after the manner of the gay cavaliers of the time of Prince Rupert. His lowest stake at Roulette or *Rouge et Noir* was a thousand francs. It seemed always his fortune to win, save when others followed his play, for in such a case he was sure to lose, and the bankers reaped a golden harvest. He passed for a Polander, but seemed familiar with all modern languages. A Frenchman, who was educated at the College of Paris, after an hour's conversation with him, swore that Count Draski (for this was the assumed) understood French better than any native born in sight of Notre Dame. An English milord, fresh from the Court of St. James, marveled at the wonderful foreigner's knowledge of English history and London dialect. Russian, Spanish and Italian, were as familiar to him as [illegible] of Virgil to a Latin scholar. A Pasha from Constantinople, who visited the famous watering place, found in Count Draski the most obliging of interpreters.

There were three items of interest in the Count's character that were often noticed and remarked on, but the wisest heads who congregated at Baden Baden did not seem capable of giving them a definite solution. He never addressed a woman, smiled, or played after sun-down of a Saturday night. Though he was always affable and courteous, his face ever presented a calm immobility.

One day an unfortunate player happened to blow his brains out in an adjoining room, and though all the rest of the players started back from the table aghast with horror, he stood the shock as immovable as a man of marble.

A Prussian Major, tall and robust as one of the favorite grenadiers of Frederick the Great, was a constant attendant at the tables, and played in continual bad luck. One day, when his last six-dollar had vanished in the hoards of the banker, Count Draski, at the other end of the table, won a stake of ten thousand francs. This occurred on a Monday, and as the croupier paid the Count's bet the clock in the room struck twelve. The yellow gold pieces passed over to the fortunate player sparkled beneath the Major's glance, and he remarked, with a sigh:—

"Such a sum would make me happy for a lifetime."

"Be happy, then, for thy lifetime," said the Count, as he pushed the full amount that he had won over to the Major's side of the board.

Such liberality was princely, and the Major was so overjoyed that he could scarcely stammer forth his thanks. Whether he had reason to thank Count Draski for his profuse largesse, remains to be ascertained. As we have stated, spite of his bad luck he was a robust and jovial man. Fortune had frowned on him, but he had a form like Hercules and a laugh like the war god Thor. When he appeared at the table on the following day he was as pale as a corpse, and had evidently dwindled away in flesh. When rallied about his appearance by a particular friend, he said in confidence that a skeleton had haunted his dreams, and he hoped he would never experience such a night of horror again; because, he added, "if I should, I am certain I should die in a week."

His friend, who was a firm disciple of Voltaire, scouted all dreams as the phantoms of an over-heated brain, and finally succeeded in lulling the Major's worst apprehensions. The following day there was, however, such a marked change that even the philosopher grew alarmed, and sought the advice of an eminent physician. The skillful son of pharmacy found that it was beyond his power "to minister to a mind diseased." On the following Monday, precisely as the clock struck twelve, the unhappy Major slept with his fathers, and his last words were that the grinning skeleton was standing at the foot of his bed.

After this event no one cared to accept Count Draski's presents; and even the bankers, who were seldom scrupulous in such matters, felt rather serious about winning his money. A negro, horribly deformed and of dwarfish stature, always stood behind the Count's chair when he sat at play, and handed him the *rouleaus* of money that he wished to stake from a silver basket. The negro was a deaf mute, but his glaring eyes seemed to follow every motion of his master, and it was evident that he understood the variations of the game, for he never failed to hand the Count a fresh *rouleau* when he lost, and his hand (modeled much like the claws of an eagle), was always ready to receive the stake that his master won. The silver basket was as marvelous as the purse of Fortunatus, for it never seemed to overflow, and though the Count often lost immense sums, no person could boast of having seen it empty.

These strange events took place from May till September, but one Monday morning, in the latter part of the last named month, Count Draski was missing. His Mephistophiles, likewise, who was known by the name of Morcar, could no where be found. The Count paid like a grand duke at the hotel where he tarried, and had left orders at the office that he was never to be disturbed in his appartments, not even if the house was on fire. Morcar eat and lodged among the servants, but he had vanished as well as the Count. It was a mystery that even a Sphynx could not unravel. Most of the servants believed Morcar to be a sort of demon of the ghoul kind, for he had an appetite like an ogre, and snored like the seven enchanted sleepers of Christendom. And if they did find him, what then? He could tell nothing about his singular master, for he was dumb and as deaf as a post. All Baden Baden was in a dilemma, and the hotel was besieged by crowds of anxious inquirers as to the merits of the case. The landlord was driven to a state of frenzy, and at length agreed, after three days should elapse, if the Count did not make his appearance, to burst open the door of his room in the presence of the proper authorities.

The three days having transpired, and the Count not putting in an appearance, the door was forced open. Every vestige of the tenant's baggage had disappeared, and the bed was unruffled.

"He was seen to enter here last Saturday night," said the landlord, whose face betrayed the most unbounded astonishment. "He could not have left the hotel without some of the servants noticing his departure. Now what the devil has become of him?"

"That is a very important question," said the chief magistrate of the place, "but I know of no one who is capable of answering it unless it is the arch fiend whom you have mentioned;" and the magistrate, who was a devout Catholic, crossed himself solemnly.

"Here is a parchment," said one of the persons present, who had been scrutinizing the bed clothes and peering under the bed. "I found it beneath the pillow." "Faugh! it smells of sulphur, and is written in the Latin tongue. Now if I could make up my mind to believe in goblins (the speaker was the sceptical philosopher and friend of the late Prussian Major) I should say that the writer of this had taken a first class ticket for Tophet."

"What does it portend to be?" said the landlord and magistrate in the same voice.

"The joke of some Charlatan, unless the man is as mad as a March hare. It is headed, as I translate it,

THE CONFESSION OF A SKELETON.

All present shuddered at this announcement save the philosopher. He was suspicious of some trick, and had been too well schooled in the doctrines of Mirabeau and Thomas Paine to believe in the supernatural. He felt, however, that it would be the wisest plan that the public at large should know nothing about the manuscript, or it might have the effect of depopulating the gaming houses. The landlord saw the subject in the same light. He might as well shut up his hotel if it was spread abroad that Satan or one of his prime subjects had been one of his guests during the watering season. Besides, what would Baden Baden be without Faro, Roulette and *Rouge et Noir?* The searchers, therefore, swore each other to secrecy, and the landlord spread the story that Count Draski was nothing more than a successful conjuror, who had decamped without paying his bill.

That night all those in the secret assembled in a private apartment of the hotel anxious to hear the "Skeleton's Confession," which was as follows:—

TO BE CONTINUED.

THREE FINGERED JACK;

OR,

Obi, the Terror of Jamaica.

Obi, for the purpose of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, was made of grave-dirt, hair, teeth of sharks and other animals, blood, feathers, egg shells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, the liver of mice, and some potent roots, weeds and bushes which were known to the ancients. Certain mixtures of these ingredients were burnt or buried very deep in the ground, or hung up a chimney, or on the side of a house, or in a garden, or laid under the threshold of the party to suffer, with incantations, drugs, or curses—or ceremonies necromantically performed in planetary hours—or at midnight, regarding the aspects of the moon. The person who wanted to do the mischief was also sent to a burying ground, or some secret place, where spirits were supposed to frequent, to invoke his or her dead parents or some dear friends to assist in the curse. A negro who thought himself bewitched by Obi, would apply to an Obi man or Obi woman for cure. These magicians would interrogate the patient as to the part of the body most afflicted; this part they would torture with pinching, drawing with gourds or calabashes, beating and pressing. When the patient was nearly exhausted with this rough magnetizing, Obi would bring out an old rusty nail, or a piece of a bone, or an ass' tooth, or the jaw bone of a rat, or a fragment of a quart bottle, from the part, and the patient was well the next day. The most wrinkled and most deformed Obi magicians were most venerated—this was the case among the Egyptians and Chaldeans. In general Obi men were more sagacious than Obi women in curing or taking away diseases—and in the application of poisons. It was in their department to kill pigs and poultry, and [illegible] cattle. In this surprising knowledge the Africans were far superior to the Indians, though they were also skilled in the veneficial art, and were successful in arming their deadly arrows. A negro Obi man would administer a baleful dose from poisonous herbs, and calculate its mortal effect to an hour, day, week, month or year. These masters could instruct even Friar Bacon and frighten T. Aquinas.*

It was the province of the Obi women to dispose of the passions. They sold foul winds for inconsistant mariners—dreams and fantasies to jealousy—vexations and pains in the heart for perfidious lovers—and for the perturbed, impatient, and wretched at the tardy evils of time, they turned in prophetic fury to a future page in the book of fate, and awakened the ravished sense of the tempest-tossed querent. The victims to this nefarious art among the negroes in the West Indies were more numerous than is generally known. No humanity of the master, nor skill in medicine, could relieve a negro laboring under the influence of Obi—they would surely die, and of a disease that answered no description in nosology. Laws were made in the West Indies to punish this Obian practice with death—but they were impotent and nugatory. Laws constructed in the West Indies could never suppress the effect of ideas the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

There was a time when poverty, ugliness and wrinkles, with palsied head and trembling limbs, constituted suspicions of Obi in England—and for which many old women were tried, condemned and hanged as perpetrators of every untoward accident in the neighborhood.

* * * * * *

I saw the Obi of the famous negro robber, Three Fingered Jack, the terror of Jamaica in 1780. Their Maroons who slew him brought it to me.†

His Obi consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat, all mixed into a kind of paste. A cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a slip of verginal parchment of kid's skin, with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his Obian bag.

These, with a keen sabre and two guns, like Robinson Crusoe, were all his Obi; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses among the mountains commanding the only access to them where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighboring militia at defiance for nearly two years. He had neither accomplice nor associate; there were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Lebanus, the place of his retreat, but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him—but he trusted no one—he scorned assistance—he ascended above Spartacus—he robbed alone, and fought all his battles alone, and always killed his pursuer.

By his magic he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. In hot climates, females marry very young, and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles—for several matches proved unhappy. Give a dog an ill name and hang him. Clamors rose on clamors against the cruel sorcerer, and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's malific spell of "tying the point" on the wedding day. Poor Jack had sins enough of his own to carry, without loading him with the sins of others. He would sooner have made a Medean caldron for the whole island than disturb one lady's happiness. He had many opportunities, and though he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child or abuse a woman.

But even Jack himself was born to die. Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in proclamations dated the 12th December, 1780, and the 13th of January, 1781, and by a resolution of the House of Assembly, which followed the first proclamation, two negroes named Quashee and Sam—(Sam was Captain Davy's son, who shot a Mr. Thompson, the master of a London ship, at Old Harbor), both of Scots Hall, Maroon Town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quashee, before he set out on the expedition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced, and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods for three weeks, and blockaded, as it were, the deepest recesses, the most inaccessible part of the island—where Jack, far remote from human society, resided—but in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three, whom I well knew, had not been long separated from their companions before their cunning eyes, by impressions upon the weeds and bushes, saw that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions—making not the least noise—presently they discovered a smoke. They pressed forward—they came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting plantains by a little fire on the ground at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene, not where ordinary actors had a part to play. Jack's looks were fierce and terrible—he told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting Jack, replied that his Obi had no power to hurt him, for he was christened, and that his name was no longer Quashee. Jack knew Reeder, and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass. These two had a severe engagement several years before in the woods, in which conflict Jack lost the two fingers which was the origin of his name. But Jack then beat Reeder and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him, and they fled from Jack. To do Three Fingered Jack justice, he could now have killed both Reeder and Sam, for at first they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice, and well they might. They had besides no retreat—and were to grapple with the bravest and strongest man in the world. But Jack was cowed, for he had prophesied that white Obi would get the better of him; and from experience he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder.

Without further parley, Jack, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire. Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull dog, never looked, but with his cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards—and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall.

Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs began their bloody struggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and during the fight shot Jack in the belly. Sam was crafty, and coolly took an around about way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed, and tumbled together down another precipice on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons.

Sam descended after them, who also lost his cutlass among the trees and bushes in getting down. When he came to them, though without weapons, they were not idle, and, luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony. Sam came up just time enough to save Reeder, for Jack had caught him by the throat with his giant grasp—Reeder was then with his right hand almost cut off—Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly—both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state, Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. When the lion fell, the two tigers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head and three fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum, and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi, blowing their shells and horns, and firing guns in their rude method, they carried them to Kingston and Spanish-town, and claimed the reward offered by the King's proclamation and House of Assembly.

*The mechanical and magical skill of Roger Bacon has no parallel in history—he invented images that could speak. Thomas Aquinas was so frightened by an automaton made by Albertus Magnus, that he broke it to pieces.

†He was slain on Saturday, the 27th January, 1781.

A CHINESE SING SANG.

Having made the acquaintance of a Chinese merchant, who had resided for several years in California, and could speak English very well, I received from him an invitation to attend a Chinese Sing Sang—that is a Chinese performance at a theatre—so I determined to accept the invitation, and "be there to see." The performance commenced at 3 o'clock, P. M., and continued until after midnight; and, in order to see the beginning, we started at half-past two o'clock; a ride of ten minutes in a sedan chair brought us to the theatre—or Sing Sang House, as it is called by the Chinese. Entering the building, we climbed up a flight of long stairs and, passing through a door, we stood in the auditorium of an elegant theatre. The building is of brick—an imposing one when looked at from the outside, and well arranged one within. The [illegible] arranged for twenty-eight hundred people, although three thousand can be accommodated by the use of stools. The stage was large and roomy, and approached from behind by two large open spaces of arched doorways, covered with green and red cloth. Through one of these doors the actors entered, and after having done what they had to do, or said their say, they departed through the other door. The play represented the life of a celebrated Prince who had lived many centuries ago, and who had been driven from his home by a rascally uncle who had killed his father, and endeavored to do the same to the Prince, who, however, had escaped the proposed favor by reason of a female slave overhearing the uncle arranging his plans. The Prince, having passed a number of years in a far off part of the country, had learned the art of a necromancer, and gained a knowledge of certain secrets which promised to restore him to his rights if he returned home and played his cards well. The first and second nights of the play had passed away, and had been occupied in narrating the doings of the haughty uncle, and the third night having arrived, the nephew's return, with dire intent to pester the aforesaid uncle, was to be made the subject of delineation. These Chinese plays are strange affairs, lasting sometimes for several centuries. Fortunately the company which we had come to see could only remain six nights, so they had chosen a short piece occupying only the entire engagement. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the tumultuous scene which occasionally took place when the Prince got the old rascally uncle on the hip. The scene in the Bowery Theatre when Kirby died was nothing to it. The actor representing the Prince was a young fellow, who turned all manner of somersaults and flip-flaps, and performed a number of very astonishing feats of jugglery. By some means he got into his uncle's house in the capacity of a servant, and while serving him with dinner displayed his dexterity. One or two of his tricks, which rather astonished me, I will mention:—He placed a dish of rice before the uncle, who helped himself to it, and as he raised it to his mouth, was dumb-founded to see every grain take wings and fly away like a hive of bees. The flies were swarming round the stage, when the Prince seized a gong and beat it with great vigor a few moments, during which the flies settled up on a ball that he had placed on the table. The juggler then placed his hat over the mass, and taking a knife, cut a small hole in the top of it, when a myriad of butterflies of every description came forth from under the hat, which was finally raised, when a large snake was found coiled upon the plate. These changes were made in such a manner as to defy detection, and won for the performer many encouraging shouts of "ah ya-a-a!" After we had watched the play for some time, my companion rang a little bell that was upon a table in our box. It was answered by a servant, who, having received his instructions, departed, to return in a short time with a supply of tea, sweetmeats and delicate pastry. On looking about the theatre, I found that persons in all parts of the house were eating and drinking, and discovered that the play had stopped for a time, perhaps to give the players an opportunity to get lunch. After an intermission of fifteen minutes the performance was resumed, and continued with occasional intermissions until midnight; but I became too tired to remain until the close, and, as I did not go a second time, I cannot say whether the Prince recovered his ancestral estates or not.

A NEW VIEW OF RAILWAY COMPENSATION.—A newspaper tells the following story of a recent accident:—An intoxicated Irishman was sitting on the line when the engine tossed him down an embankment. The driver backed his train to pick up the dead body. The victim was found alive, however, only somewhat bruised, and taken to Norwich. Here the driver kindly offered to send the man to his home, a few miles away, in a hack; but he insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home. The driver pressed the matter, when the Milesian, who had stood the butting of the cow catcher so well, bristled up with, "Go away with your kerridge—I'll go home by myself; and if I've done any damage to yer old engine, bedad, I'll pay it on the spot."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 7,560 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

To Correspondents.

THE TUMBLER.—1. He was born in England. It was at Laura Keene's Theatre that "Our American Cousin" was produced, and Sothern was the Lord Dundreary. 2. "Griffith Gaunt" was produced at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre November 7, 1866. G. Metkiff played the *role* of George Neville, and John K. Mortimer, Griffith Gaunt. 3. She is an American by birth. Emma was once the wife of Harry Courtaine. 4. See next week's CLIPPER.

PADDY ROGERS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. John Morrissey was born at Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland, Feb. 5, 1831. 2. He won the fight and got the stakes. It ended in a general row between the seconds of the men, in which Sullivan also took a hand. Morrissey was far the worst punished of the two. 3. He fought three times and won all. 4. Donnelly did not fight for the championship of England. 5. We think it probable.

C. DICKENSON AND OTHERS.—N. H. Mawery is stated to have ridden 200 miles in 8 hours, 2 minutes and 48 seconds, and 300 miles in 14 hours and 9 minutes, at the Bay View Park, San Francisco, Cal., August 2, 1868. It was done on a wager of $5,000 to $2,000 that no man could ride 300 miles in 15 consecutive hours. The track was one mile in length, and Mr. Mowery selected two horses.

ELIHU.—1. The impure atmosphere, caused by the escape of gas, has doubtless caused the loss of voice and plumage of the bird. 2. A preparation of corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol and turpentine, and to be obtained at any chemists, will destroy bed bugs effectually. 3. Cleanliness and careful watchfulness will effect the purpose.

SCOTTY, Hamilton, O.—1. Tom Kelly never fought Joe. Goss. 2. Yes; his first fight with Jack Rooke was a cross, and all bets were declared off. Rooke afterward beat him. 3. You can obtain Fistiana by enclosing $2.50 to Bill Clarke, whose address will be found in another column. 4. When last heard from he was in England.

F. W., Chicago.—1. High and low both count before Jack, even if the holder of the latter makes it in playing the cards. 2. The buyer not having made three points, is set up, and there is no game scored, the count being a tie

OLD ROCKTOWN.—1. There never was a performer by the name of Higginbottom traveling with Christy's Minstrels. 2. Samuel Woodworth is the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket." He is dead. 3. C. Mills, Walters, E. Mills, Fianly, Perry, Swan, Hatfield, Eggler, Higgins.

SHILLWATER, Minn.—1. The party who held low goes out before the buyer, who gave two points and made high, Jack. 2. As soon as the letter is dropped into the box it becomes the property of the Post Master General, and is a mailed letter.

SUBSCRIBER, Chillicothe.—1. Legal Tender made his 1:44 in the second of a mile and race at Cincinnati. 2. The Two Thousand Guineas Course, run by Gladiateur in 1:39, is a perfectly straight course.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, Manayunk, Pa.—The first shot in the rebellion was fired at the steamer Star of the West, in Charleston harbor, S. C., Jan. 9, 1861, while conveying troops and provisions to Fort Sumter.

T. P., Chicago.—One of the best works on the subject is "Saunders on Poultry," published by Orange Judd, 48 Park row, New York. You can get it through any bookseller.

CATO, Vicksburg.—1. We are unable to trace the origin of the expression referred to. 2. No. 3. No positive reply can be given to this question, for it cannot be decided except by trial, which is simply impossible.

LOUIS, St. Louis.—It is most too late in the season to secure such a position, as all the companies are made up, and with but one or two exceptions are on the road. 2. We do not know the whereabouts of Mr. Yeamans.

W. V., Utica.—If the horses made 2:30 each in the same heat, the bet is a draw; but if B's horse had made the 2:30 before the bet was made that B's horse beat it, A wins.

J. H. M., Mansfield.—1. The CLIPPER is issued on Tuesday morning of each week, and the news dealers get them at six or seven o'clock. 2. He is traveling with George F. Bailey's Menagerie, as leader of the band.

E. M. H., Woonsocket.—1. James Myers has been "coming" to this country for several years, but has not arrived yet. 2. James and Charles are traveling with Forepaugh's Menagerie.

J. A. C., South Coventry.—1. We know nothing about the concern. Better keep your money. 2. Not without the knowledge of music. 3. He is with Newcomb's Minstrels, and all letter sent to this office will reach him.

ED.—1. Pike's Opera House, this city, was first opened to the public Jan. 9th, 1868, with the La Grange and Brignoli Italian Opera Troupe. 2. It was built by Samuel N. Pike.

PERTINAX.—That player who takes the responsibility of the trump should have the privilege of going alone. Our opinion is, that no player can go alone when a partner orders it, take up, or makes the trump.

DOC, Ashtabula, O.—I chad. is a member of the Potomacs of Washington. 2. That book will not be published. 3. The party named is not the best pitcher, although he ranks very high.

JOHNNY MACK, Hartford, Ct.—Chas. Collins, the "Cast Iron Man," has only one fight on record, with George Rooke, though he asserts that he fought six times in England.

PRIMITIVE, Fayetteville, Ark.—If there are eighteen clubs in your State you can form a State Association, and then send delegates to the national body. There is no other way in which your club can be represented.

ANNIE, Steubenville.—1. It will require the ace of diamonds or a trump card to take your king of diamonds. 2. A trump only will take your ace of diamonds. 3. It takes a higher card than the bed to take it.

FOUR SUPERS.—Before bringing your grievances before the public, you had better state the facts to Mr. Tayleure, who will see that the contract is faithfully carried out, or give you the reason why it has not been.

S. C. W., Whitehaven.—The adversaries were right in demanding a fresh deal, but the claim ought to have been made before the trump card was turned.

COMFORT.—The best work on the subject is "Dinks, Mayhew, and Hutchinson on the Dog," published by Townsend & Co., Broome street, New York.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—You cannot alter the natural conformation of the animal by any artificial means. Let him alone.

K., Hauk Centre, M. T.—Drop a line, stating what you require, to Prof. George F. Bristow, Morrisania P. O., Westchester Co., N. Y.

BANJOSEPH, Franklin City.—You can procure it of Thompson & Riggs, whose advertisement you will find in another column.

D. C.—You will get information of "all the prize fights since Oct. 15th, 1860," in the nine volumes of the CLIPPER succeeding that date.

REFEREE.—B was right. The cards named only counted twelve points; six for sequences, two for pair, and four for flush.

ASPEN, Richmond.—By the post mark, we see that your last was not mailed until April 12th, on which day we went to press.

J. E. D., Philadelphia.—Our advice is to have nothing to do with it. All such concerns are "mighty onsartin," to put it in the mildest form.

OLD POINT COMFORT.—The news dealer has misinformed you. The CLIPPER was published on the day named. We have not yet moved into our new office.

YOUNKER.—It is a preparation made by saturating common corks into spirits, and burning them until they will powder.

J. W. H.—The Monitor arrived in Hampton Roads upon the evening of the first day, and steamed up to meet the Merrimac next morning.

JERSEY.—Cannot give you the address of any dealer. Any shoemaker can make you a pair—the only addition is the spikes.

ORIENTAL, Williamsburgh.—A is wrong. The rule says: "No penalty can be exacted for calling the number erroneously while playing the hand."

INQUIRER, Albany.—1. John Stanton, city editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is "Ocey O'Lanus." 2. She has been married but once. 3. Neither party will visit your city.

BLACK AND TAN, St. Paul.—There is no danger in crossing the breed in the way mentioned. The effect of such inbreeding is to make the progeny smaller in size.

S. E., St. John, N. B.—Write to Mr. John Tieman & Co., corner of Chambers and Chatham sts., New York. They are manufacturers of all kinds of galvanic apparatus.

PRUDE, Lowell.—The deal is void and the same player deals again. He does not lose the deal under the circumstances.

BLINK BONNY, Fall River, Mass.—1. The fastest one hundred yards time on record is 9¾ seconds, by George Seward. 2. We cannot give that.

MC K. AND MC C.—The opponent of the dealer may shuffle the cards, but the dealer is entitled to the last shuffle.

R. F. T., Chicago, Ill.—There is but one line running to California, we understand; at all events there is but one advertised. The cost for steerage passage is $75.

POLICY.—You get five *for* one, or four *to* one, whatever you choose to term it. The terms are synonymous in such a case.

TWO SHOWMEN, Lawrence.—Not having access to the books of the various papers, we are unable to give you the information desired.

W. F., Philadelphia.—Yours of the 17th is the first we have had from you.

J. D. W., Fitchburg.—1. Anna Cora Mowatt is living in London. 2. Eaton Stone does not travel this season.

A. F., Stillwater.—1. Address a letter to him, in care of this office. 2. Will reply to that query in our next.

FIVE-TWENTY BAR, Oro City, Cal.—John Morrissey was a married man at the time he fought Heenan.

E. B. C., Boston.—The fastest mile run in America was by Legal Tender, in 1:44.

J. S.—You will see the lady's card among our theatrical advertisements.

S. P.—Frank Keish is treasurer and W. H. McHugh assistant.

R. N.—You can procure a copy of the book called "Wood's Personal Recollections of the Stage," of W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place.

S. F. S., Newark, N. J.—1. The dog Billy killed 100 rats in 5 minutes 30 seconds, in England. 2. Next week.

G. T., Newark.—F had no right to go it alone, and can only score two points for the euchre.

J. B., Memphis, Tenn.—We do not know of any manager in need of such a performer.

EDITH, New Orleans.—M. L. Finch is the gentleman's name.

E. M. B.—He is traveling with the Hanlon Brothers' Combination.

CLIPPERITE, Lewiston.—We cannot inform you whether Mike is a married man or a bachelor.

PETER EDER.—He was an American, having been born in this city.

THE FALL MAN.—Blondin is still living, and is at present at the Alhambra, London.

HARRY T. ALLEN.—The letters were sent in the envelope to Maunston, Wis., several weeks ago.

KEARNES, Troy, N. Y.—Yes, through Messrs. Wilmer & Rogers, No. 47 Nassau st., N. Y.

BUD, Louisville.—1. The Athletics never were champions. 2. McDevitt retains the championship cue.

PROGRESS, Philadelphia.—You had better consult a lawyer.

O. H. H., Owego.—We do not know where you can dispose of it. We have several of the same sort.

BLAQUE.—We already have a correspondent in your burgh.

ENQUIRER.—We do not publish the stories in pamphlet form.

DERBY.—We know nothing further than that he advertises in the CLIPPER.

JOHNNIE HARRINGTON, Rome, N. Y.—See B. C. West's address in our advertising columns.

WEISS, Carondolet, Mo.—You had better arrange the match without newspaper controversy. It will save time.

Q. M. DEPOT, Fort Russell.—Fanny Morgan Phelps arrived in New York from California Oct. 13, 1866.

CONSTANT READER.—There was no truth in the story.

NICKLE.—The letter was not for you.

CORRESPONDENT.—We know of no other party.

C. D.—See answer to Policy.

M. P., Halifax, N. S.—Five insertions.

PIERRE SAVOY.—We decline to insert the advertisement.

J. M., Oswego.—Consult our advertising columns.

C. K., Castile.—We do not know.

E. M.—It is a catch, and the bet goes for nothing.

C. B., Cincinnati.—See answer to Subscriber.

RAMBLER.—Your items will be acceptable.

THE TENDENCY OF THE DRAMA.

It is assuredly refreshing at this moment, when each sensational preacher, hankering after the bubble reputation, conceives it his province to hurl anathemas against the stage, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," to ascend to the fountain of learning and of criticism and thence to draw the opinion of a truly great man, of the profoundest philosopher in any age, whose writings bear the inspiration of a genius, up to his own time unequaled, and since then unsurpassed, as to the influences and tendencies of that drama so vehemently assailed by the meaner lights of irrational pretension. The truly wonderful Lord Bacon, who, akin with his learned and eccentric contemporary, the philosophical jester, Rabelais, lived centuries in advance of his age, indulges in a remarkable commentary upon the past, present and future of the stage.

"Dramatic poesy," writes Lord Verulam, in his second book of the *De Augumentis*, "which takes the theatre for the world, is of excellent use if it be sane. For the discipline, as well as the corruption of the theatre, may be very great. And in mischief of this kind it abounds: the discipline is plainly neglected in our times. Although in modern states, play acting is esteemed as a ludicrous thing, except when it is too satirical and biting, yet among the ancients, it became a means of forming the souls of men to virtue. Even the wise and prudent and great philosophers considered it to be, as it were, the *plectrum* of the mind. And most certainly what is one of the secrets of nature, the minds of men, when assembled together, are more open to affections and impressions than when they are alone."

Let us recollect that the English drama during Bacon's time was in its infancy, and, with other modern states, play acting was mainly the relics of that buffoonery and grotesque ribaldry which had succeeded the reign of the troubadours and trouveres. Dramatic literature had, however, produced two shining lights, the inimitable Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson, whose compositions were avowedly after the model of antiquity, and assuredly designed to fashion the souls of men to virtue. Even, according to the testimony of Heywood, in his defence of players, the rude plays, antecedent to the Shakespearean inventions, had accomplished in a most public manner, expositions of criminality, as, upon one occasion, a woman witnessing the performance of a tragedy accused herself of murder, and subsequently underwent the penalty of her crime. The attestation of this singular occurrence at Lynne, in Sussex, was a matter of judicial record, doubtlessly suggesting the allusion in "Hamlet" as to guilty wretches sitting at a play. And we are all aware that the later chronicles of the stage afford an equally strong case of contrition wrought upon a young man witnessing the performance of "George Barnwell."

That the Church, before the Reformation, was fully aware of the value of spectacular representations upon the minds of the vulgar, is evident from their employment of mysteries, or miracle plays, wherein the most striking incidents of Scripture history formed the basis for dramatic compositions, which were acted by monks upon certain religious holidays. A collection of such poems as were originally performed at Coventry, the fullest which has descended to us, exhibits the comprehensive scope of their design, as they comprise a series of continuous plays, commencing with the Creation and terminating with the Last Judgment. And a most singular feature in these compositions is the significant fact that the stage directions are given in Latin, language of the educated, while the text is composed of rude verses in English, the prevalent tongue of the lower classes. That the common masses were edified as to moral teachings through these mysteries, which were enacted upon portable stages in the open air, must be evident from the long continuance of these popular performances, from a representation of one of which the sublime Milton derived the idea of his epic poem of "Paradise Lost," a production quite as dramatic in its essential character as any ancient or modern classical play. And, moreover, our great epic poet fully comprehended and appreciated the value of Bacon's estimate as to the moral tendencies of the stage, otherwise this stern and implacable Cromwellian would not have composed his masque of Comus, which is contrived upon an ancient model and pregnant with philosophic allusions, a species of satirical antidote to the corruptions which had, through royal countenance, crept into the acting stage.

It will be observed that Lord Verulam laments the mischief arising from neglect in the discipline of the stage of his time, but it must be taken into consideration that Bacon, being a courtier and dependent upon royal favor for official patronage, most ingeniously confuses the insanity and license of the Court Revels with the faults of the strolling theatres, the better to vent his denunciation upon them both. Assuredly, the philosopher had reason to revile the empty pageantries of the court, the insanity of the regal mummeries and the thoroughly contemptible vagaries of the Lord of Misrule, who annually basked in the royal sunshine to the detriment of reason and intelligence. But, at the same time, he commends the new born drama of Shakespeare and of Jonson, under guise of praising the theatre of the ancients, in imitation of which, especially as regards the teaching of philosophy, had been shaped the plays of both these distinguished dramatists, one of whom, Jonson, being a personal friend of and colaboror with Bacon in his graver studies. In fact, "Titus Andronicus" and "Pericles," the earliest of Shakespeare's works, the "Comedy of Errors," "Julius Cæsar," "Troilus and Cressida," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," product of his matured genius, and, above all, the "Timon of Athens," his final production, are avowedly upon antique models, and therein afford an exact contradistinction to the method employed in their composition by Marlow, Ford, Greene and Drayton, and other popular playwrights of that period, none of whom make the faintest pretension to the philosophic depth of insight and comprehensive knowledge of the fundamental principles of dramatization, which outcrops in every one of the plays of the greater bard.

The advancement of human learning, and the augmentation of personal morality through an appreciation of universal science, constituted the common aim of all Lord Bacon's philosophical writings. While despising the fallacies of ignorance and the corruptions of sensualism, this wise man honestly advocated every laudable measure whereby the exaltation of his race could be accomplished; and, having this end in view, he discovered in the drama, provided "it be sane," an excellent mirror to hold up human nature, the passions and affections, especially to the vision of men assembled together as the more susceptible of impressions, and hence he commends cultivation of dramatic poesy. "Poesy is, as it were," he writes in another book, "the dream of Knowledge; a sweet, pleasing thing, full of variations, and would be thought to be somewhat inspired with divine rapture." The drama is, then, according to Bacon, an element in moral power.

DIED.—Mr. Lawlor, one of the proprietors of the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, died in that city on Tuesday, 18th inst, on which day the *Dispatch* entered upon the twenty-second year of its existence in the world of newspapers.

GEN. GRANT would hardly be taken, even by his enemies, for an admirer of the dandy tribe, and yet it is an undoubted fact that he has just had a *Cox come* into his Cabinet.

PRECIOUS LUMBER—The *Gold Board*. "Our Jim" thinks that the gold *bored* must have a surplus of "yellow" *pine* on hand, which the boy considers a very *spruce* remark.

NOT IN SEASON.—It is reported that an English actor named Toole is about visiting us; as the season is so far advanced, wont he be *Toole late?*

HOLD YOUR HORSES.—The drivers on the Second Avenue Railroad are on a strike, but the directors say that *they* will not be *driven* from their position. Quiet *reigns*.

OTHELLO AT BOOTH'S.

The performance of "Othello" at Booth's Theatre may be deemed a financial success, and, as a piece of acting, it is entitled to a position above mediocrity, as all the prominent and secondary parts were well and judiciously filled. The scenery, moreover, was excellent, and a vast improvement upon the hackneyed and stereotyped mechanism of anterior days. The entire *mis en scene* and the accessories are to be commended, while the optical effects, designed to designate points of time, were skilfully managed indeed. With the exception of "Macbeth," at the old Broadway, we have never witnessed a more judicious application of artificial light. In one scene, that of the garden, the tone of coloring has been carried too high, producing a disagreeable contrast to the foreground, but, viewed as a whole, the productions of the scenic artist redound to his credit, justly entitling him to a high rank in a profession not sufficiently appreciated on this side of the Atlantic, but in Europe regarded with merited favor. As a dramatic composition, "Othello" can be accepted as a finished example of the matured genius of Shakespeare, being one of the last, with the exception of "Timon of Athens," of his elaborated productions. The tale upon which it was founded, an Italian romance, "The Moorish Captain," being a favorite theme for anterior dramatists, afforded simply the thread of incident whereupon the master mind of Shakespeare hung the jewels of philosophic conception, marking the notes, as it were, of the dying Swan of Avon. The character of Othello is a most difficult one, and one which, unfortunately, does not enlist popular sympathy; while Iago is emphatically an acting part, for, despite our moral abhorrence of crime, our interest centres naturally in this subtle, plausible villain. Mr. Booth's performance of the Moor, artistically considered, was below the standard demanded for the realization of the historical character of the mercenary general, who, in accordance with the practices of burghers in the middle ages, acted as military provost of the Venetian oligarchy. A stranger, a renegade, a hireling at the head of mercinaries, Othello, notwithstanding his important position, was an object of dislike with his employers—so much so, indeed, that he was provided with a distinctive costume, both civil and military, worn by no other citizen. That a woman of Desdemona's lineage should have married one proscribed by an aristocratic community, was certainly a freak of love justifying Brabantio's charge of sorcery. Yet ft was the misfortunes of Othello which enlisted the sympathy of the gentle lady, who came to love him as a soldier. The opening part of Mr. Booth's performance was very good, his elocution unexceptionable, and his manner admirable. In the remainder of the play he was uneven, and at the close insipid, as therein he appeared to labor for effect, which should, if the part be not overacted, flow naturally, and in this way extenuate the commission of a felony. Mr. Booth, moreover, should understand that Othello was a frank, open-hearted soldier, easily imposed upon, but always a soldier, and upon this account he had endeared himself to Desdemona. Such a man neither whines nor raves, both of which Mr. Booth did; but on the contrary, his anguish is intense, his despair prodigal and awful, but his entire demeanor should conserve its habitual manly dignity. It struck us that during the final act, which, according to our idea, should be one of intense melancholy, Mr. Booth sacrificed the philosophic tendency of the part by over declamation and an immensity of rapid action, and consequently he leaves an unfavorable impression upon a studious auditor. We presume that Mr. Booth feared monotony, but as the language of Shakespeare constitutes the main charm of his dramas, nothing militates stronger against good acting than attempts to delineate physically the effects of a purely mental condition. This Mr. Booth attempted to do and failed, as might naturally be expected without assistance of a miracle. The Iago of Mr. Edwin Adams was well and carefully rendered; his action was easy and at times impressive, yet he did not succeed in giving that effect to the interview with Emilia which its importance demands. Iago is not only an ambitious and plausible villain, but a cynical egotist; before the Moor, his superior, he should be a model for duplicity, but in the presence of his wife he is the man himself, and Mr Adams should perceive how important this scene is to a proper comprehension of the entire play, which turns upon this one man's powers of hypocrisy.

We were highly pleased with the Desdemona of Miss McVicker, a very neatly acted and unexceptionable performance of a part which, although many leading actresses affect to despise, can be rendered, as in this instance, not only interesting, but absolutely impressive. Miss McVicker took the proper view of the character, which is the converse of Juliet, and rendered it with touching grace; in fact, Othello was amply compensated for his prior trials with a love so affectionately, modestly and maidenly expressed—a perfect gem, contrasting to the disadvantage of Emilia, which, as given by Miss Morant, was rude, boisterous and inharmonious with the remaining characters. If Miss Morant desires to become a leading professional she must change her style of acting, for, in both elocution and gesture, she evidently contemns Hamlet's excellent advice to the players. We are aware that it may be deemed uncourteous to test laurels of a lady, but we must conscientiously remark, that the applause bestowed upon Emilia was, in more than one instance, derisive—a breach of decorum on the part of auditors which should be reprobated, as well through serving to annoy the audience as to mislead the recipient of such equivocal favors. Both the Cassio of Mr. Frank Lawlor, and the Roderigo of Mr. Charles Norris, were creditably sustained, while Brabantio (Mark Smith) and the Duke (A. W. Fenno) were most scrupulously and effectively rendered, thereby giving these parts, seemingly unimportant, that value ever demanded in the connecting links of a Shakespearean drama. As a whole, notwithstanding evident liberties have been taken with the text, not to be justified by a scholarly critic, the play of "Othello" was a gratifying success. It is too late in the day to protest against managerial eccentricities in the work of re-arranging the Shakespearean dramas, as ever since the days of Garrick, who manufactured Catherine and Petruchio out of the "Taming of the Shrew," and of Colley Cibber, the veritable author of the so called "acting" plays, managers and actors have modeled and remodeled the work of the great bard to suit their circumstances or capacities. In the original edition of "Othello," the quarto of 1622, the text is printed without division into acts or scenes, which first appear in the players' folio of the next year; hence it may be regarded to be immaterial as to the order of scenic arrangement as long as we have the context complete.

SOMETHING WE HAVE DONE.

The readers of police chronicles cannot fail to remark the influence we have directly exerted upon current affairs of general interest. In these columns was first exposed the theory of the government bond robberies, and we are happy to perceive that, through the clue by us afforded, not only has one of the most prominent bond robbers been convicted, but, through the resignation of ex-Captain of Detective Police Young, and the collateral investigation in Boston, the entire system of rewards, with its inducements for robbery, has been exploded.

A few weeks back we denounced the latest phase of spiritual chicanery—the assumed production of spirit likenesses, not only unveiling the fraud itself, but showing clearly the manner in which it was achieved. The arrest and now pending examination of the spirit photographers is ample evidence of the influence we wield, for in this instance the fact stands indisputable that, notwithstanding the startling novelty of the subject, no other journal ventured ventilation of an ingenious and comparatively successful bit of charlatanism. It appears that ex-Judge Edmunds, as a species of representative of the prisoner, who is being tried with no idea of corporal punishment, but with a view to dissipating a superstitious delusion, reiterates the declaration of these photographs being the handiwork of spirits; but as the learned judge is thoroughly imbued with spiritualistic influences, he, in his zeal, overlooks the fact that the production of a photograph is the result of chemical action and dependent upon well ascertained rules in physics, based upon solar light. Is not the judge, moreover, aware that shielding the perpetration of false miracles contributes to undermine confidence in the ethical value of a system pretending a supernatural origin? However, as the case has passed from our hands to those of our efficient Mayor, who deems it incumbent upon his office to protect the community against the lesser order of frauds, we of the CLIPPER only reserve to ourselves credit for having first pricked this money making bubble.

WHAT BOOTS IT?—The last bit of every-day news from Chicago is that a lover's life was saved from a knife thrust of a jealous rival by the fact that he had in his pocket a box of blacking, which he had just purchased. "Our Jim" seems to think that every tale should "point a moral," and that the lesson of this one is, that every lover should carry a box of blacking in his breast pocket. It would be so convenient in case of an unexpected *brush*, and might enable one to polish off his adversary in short order.

GETTING ON THE RIGHT TRACK.—The late war has been made to father a great many widows and orphans with which it had nothing to do. Recently, a "widow" applied for her *deceased* husband's pension, when she ascertained that he was still living and looking out for his *own* pension; so the "widow," instead of going after the *pension*, is now *going for him*. A rich hereafter awaits him *after* she finds him, if she *serves* him as he *deserves*.

"OUR JIM" thinks that a little brook must be a valuable thing to own, as it generally abounds in *purls*.

PHILADELPHIA has got the best of us for once, for its Twitchell horror is something that don't turn up there every day, and they are making the most of it. New York can bide its time.

THE CHEAPEST GEMS.—Dime 'uns.

Squibs and Things.

— 900 horses died of glanders in this city in 1868.

— The Marquis of Hastings' eleven racing cups sold for £1,950.

— The rivers of Scotland are said to be crowded with salmon this year.

— 65,000 miles of cloth are annually manufactured at the Fall River Mills.

— A Sitka native recently ate 10lbs. of butter at one meal, and finished with a castor-oil-cocktail, and lived!

— The steamship America's passage in her voyage around the world is to cost each passenger $1,280.

— Six mountains in the moon are 19,000 feet high, and the highest one 24,944 feet, says the astronomer, Maedler.

— Two lighthouses are to be erected on the St. Clair Flats Ship Canal this summer.

— English snipe have made their appearance on the New Jersey meadows. Now for dog and gun.

— Four miles of solid ice, two feet thick, still remains in Cayuga Lake, near Union Springs.

— The Africans kill and eat their prisoners, now the slave trade is ended. "Economy is wealth."

— Cora Pearl's autobiography is about to be published. Will it be a pearl of great price?

On Friday, April 9, 3,500 live pigeons were shipped to New York from Toledo, Ohio, by the M. U. Express.

— Millions of young fruit and forest trees have been killed by mice the past season.

— The first log raft of the season, measuring 661,435 feet, arrived at St. Louis on the 11th inst.

— The Chinese don't like Paris because of the avarice of the shopkeepers, and because of the annoying curiosity bestowed on them at places of amusement.

— The Paris Bourse was steady on the 15th, but how the British boors were, the telegraph didn't say. The news was only about half seas over, we s'pose.

— Tobacco and segars have been tabooed by the N. Y. East Methodist Conference. They have, therefore, obeyed Paul's injunction—"be not puffed up."

— The Central Kennebec Dam, Me., was descended for the second time in a light boat on the 15th inst., by C. Marston. What dam folly.

— For allowing minors to play at billiards a fine of $10 is to be imposed upon saloon keepers in Baltimore, Md.

— The schooner yacht, A. White, went ashore at Cape Henry on the night of the 13th inst., but fortunately the crew were safely landed.

A Bridgeport (Ct.) factory man works all day from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., and afterwards goes on duty as city night watch. We presume that he sleeps while on the watch.

— A marriage notice of his own father and mother was recently put in type by an Indiana compositor. His parents had been divorced some years.

— The Gloucester, Mass., fishing fleet of some forty vessels will set sail in May, most of them bound to catch mackerel.

— The Secretary of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, Mr. Ben. P. Johnson, died at Albany on the 12th inst., aged 76 years.

— An international cricket match, between the Victoria and San Francisco Clubs, was announced to take place at the modern El Dorado on the 15th inst.

— Young girls in Montana are credited with putting on airs when they refuse to go to a ball barefooted. The girls must be barefaced as well as barefooted out there.

— The Grace Darling of Lime Rock, R. I., is receiving presents from various sources, for her late courageous rescue of drowning men.

— The can-can in theatres has been indicted by the Baltimore Grand Jury. If they would have indicted the can-can out of theatres they would have done better.

— Victor Emanuel has 95 palaces, Emperor of Russia 62, King of Prussia 74, Napoleon 104, Francis Joseph over 100, and Isabella of Spain had 52, but now has one only.

— The famous London Beefsteak Club has recently dissolved and sold its property, after having been in existence 135 years.

— Sunfish are very numerous in the Long Island lakes just now, much to the annoyance of Izaak Waltonians and the destruction of trout.

— A gang of gypsies, with wagons, horses, women, children and canines, all in good order, are camping out near Hudson, N. Y.

— Snipe and woodcock, quite a few, were recently bagged by a pair of damsels near Mansfield, Ill. Both were garbed *a la* Bloomer, and carried double-barreled shot guns on their sporting campaign.

— Eighteen gay gamblers were arrested at their headquarters, opposite Jefferson Market, by the M. P.'s, on the night of the 17th inst. The sequence of nine pairs trying to get a flush or a full—pocket.

— A trapeze performance on a clothes line and a broomstick, 20 feet high, was recently given by a little girl in a barn at Keokuk, Ia., before "an admiring audience of schoolfellows."

— "Europa reached Brest yesterday" was given as an item of news in the morning papers of the 15th inst., which amounted to nothing, said "Our Jim," for young America goes to breast every day.

— Jacob Freiz, a citizen of Fredericksburg, Va., for many years, recently died at the age of 95. He was one of Napoleon's soldiers in 1812, in the Russian campaign, and witnessed the burning of Moscow.

— Hundreds of fish about 1¼ inches long and of uniform size, were seen on the snow at the side of the road at Laconia, N. H., recently, alive and kicking. How they came there is a mystery and puzzle.

— A Philadelphia Frenchman, it is said, skins frogs by drawing all their interior parts through the mouth, and then stuffs and mounts them in a variety of curious attitudes—as billiardists, velocipedists, dentists, &c.

— The Manhattan Well, made famous in Gotham's earliest history by the murdered body of the beautiful Gulielma Sands being thrown therein in 1779, has been uncovered by a Spring street horticultural enthusiast.

— W. Hurlbut, of Cornwall, Vt., a 70 year old bachelor, worth about $8,000, died last week of starvation, having eaten nothing for nearly a year save what was forced down his throat, from fear of becoming a town pauper.

— An International Horticultural Exhibition is to be held at Baltimore, from September 2 to 12 inclusive; 41 gold, 217 bronze, 361 silver, and 5,700 thalers are to be given as prizes, and all the world will be represented no doubt.

— A new crow shooting battery, consisting of three barrels arranged to be fired with one cap, is used by J. Chamberlain, of Ellisburgh, N. Y. He places some carrion in the field, brings the machine to bear, and when a crowd of crows have collected, fires. With three shots recently he killed forty, forty-five and fifty-one crows.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LOUIS HASELMAYER.

This magician was born in Vienna, Austria, Sept. 18th, 1839. At eighteen years of age he left the college at Vienna. For several years previous he had been making a study of the working of mechanical illusions and magical apparatus. From 1857 to 1861 his services were constantly in demand by families of the Austrian capitol, in giving feats of magic and musical performances. He was appointed by the Emperor for his private telegraph cabinet, which position he held for three years, during which time he gave numerous *seances* before the Emperor and court. He was on one occasion presented with a work of art by his Majesty for having invented a novel musical instrument made of wood and India rubber, which he called the stylocarfe. Mr. Haselmayer is said to have devoted several years before he succeeded in completing it according to his ideas. At a private performance in 1864, Prof. Herrman happened to be present, and at once made him an offer to join him in a traveling tour through the United States, which he accepted. He made his American bow at the Academy of Music, New York, in September, 1866, with Prof. Herrman. He remained with Herrman until May, 1866, when he set about learning the English language, after which he started out on a traveling tour through the west and south. At Washington President Johnson gave him many flattering compliments and presents. On May 21st, 1868, he gave, by special request, a *seance* at the White House. Since then he has been on an extended tour, and will shortly start on an engagement through the south and west.

RAID ON A COCK PIT.—On the night of the 7th inst., a score or more of the State police, under the direction of Captain G. W. Boynton, of Georgetown, Mass., accompanied by City Marshal Browning and Assistant Marshal Dalrymple, of Salem, left the latter place for the purpose of breaking up and if possible securing the parties to a grand cock fight which had been arranged to take place at Lynnefield, in a building in the rear of the hotel, the bills announcing that there was to be a shooting match. The plan was well conceived, but a premature exposure of the presence of the police enabled the greater portion of the company assembled to effect their escape before the officers were duly posted. They, however, secured eight of the men and forty-five game-cocks, and brought them to Salem. The first match was short, ending speedily with one dead cock in the pit. Assistant Marshal Dalrymple captured the survivor and the murderous looking gaff with which the fowl was armed. City Marshal Browning discovered the depot where the game fowls were stored, suspended in bags, and a lively crowing they kept up while confined in the police station. The officers returned to Salem with their prizes about two o'clock, A. M. The men arrested procured bail, and on the 9th inst., were before the police court, when John R. Adams, John Cutler, Joseph Goldwin, Charles H. Chaplin, Charles Smith, John Nam and John Powers, each paid fine and costs, $16 61, and Henry Fitzgerald paid $21 71. The birds, we believe, were restored.

THE BUTCHERS' TOURNAMENT.—Judging from the interest manifested in the project of the Butcher's Society, of Chicago, Ill., to give a champion belt, valued at $500, to that member of the well-fed, white-aproned fraternity who proves the most skilful dresser of one of the bovine species at Reid and Sherwin's City Slaughter House, on May 15th, the number of competitors will be quite large. Up to the 13th inst. the entries were eight, as follows:—Charles Leyden, John Madden, Nicholas Liston, William Dooley and Tom Mulrooney, of Chicago; Martin Smith, of Buffalo; C. T. Bellstein, of Pittsburgh, and George Troy, of Detroit. The belt is finished and can be seen at Tom Reilley's Clipper Shades, 235 South Clark street. The projectors earnestly invite their brother handlers of the cleaver, from all sections, to join in the competition, assuring them that all will have fair play and that true merit will take the trophy.

CHAMPION SKITTLE MEDAL.—Robert Calvin, better known as "Manchester Bob," proprietor of the Rabbit Warren, Carroll street, Brooklyn, proposes to give a medal as a prize to the winner of a handicap skittle contest, announced to take place at his grounds on Whit Monday, 17th prox. The contest will be open to all, and as the entrance has been fixed at a low figure, and the trophy at issue is of considerable value, it will doubtless bring together all the prominent experts of this section. For further particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A German gives the following as a sure cure for hydrophobia:—"The bite must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water, and when this has dried, a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva, and relieve the patient from all present or future danger."

BASE BALL.

FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.

ATLANTIC VS. ALPHA.

The base ball season of 1869 in this vicinity, was inaugurated at the Capitoline Ground, Bedford, L. I., on the afternoon of the 19th, by a game between the Atlantic and Alpha clubs. The day was pleasant, there was a good attendance of admirers of the sport, and everything passed off in a satisfactory manner. The Atlantics were all on hand, with the exception of Smith and Pratt; Pike and Zettlein being the substitutes. For the initial game the playing was very fair, especially that of Moody and Valentine of the Alphas. The Atlantics, having had two or three practice days, showed to better advantage than their young opponents, batting and fielding in their old style. The score is appended:—

ALPHA.	INS. R.	TL. B.	O.	R.
Munn, s s	0

that between Larkins and Carroll, which was a genuine glove battle from the word go. Carroll endeavored to force the pace, and went to work as though determined to knock his antagonist into the middle of next year, but he quickly discovered that he had reckoned without his host, for Larkins met him and belabored him unmercifully with "that right" until his physiog was as "red as a billed lobster," and he was willing enough to cry quits. The set-to excited the feelings of the spectators to a pretty high pitch, and well repaid them for the stamps expended. The closing meet, that between Hussey and McKay, was a very pleasing engagement, each bringing to his aid all the knowledge he possessed of the art, Jemmy doing as well as usual, and Tim better than we've seen him do for some time. The meet between Ed. Touhey and Cantwell was also excellent, full of science and prolific of earnest punching also. Macnema swung the clubs in good style during the evening, and, altogether, the entertainment was very satisfactory.

TESTIMONIAL TO PETE ROONEY.—A crowded house greeted the above mentioned Seventh avenue middleweight on the evening of Saturday, 17th inst., at Continental Hall, corner Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, conspicuous among those present being a score or so of King Kennedy's boys in blue, who kept the circle clear, though their presence didn't serve to prevent boisterous demonstrations. The principal sets-to were those between Young Saunders and Coyle, Bill Bennett and "Young Mike," and the wind-up between Rooney and Johnny Dwyer, the latter being a particularly fine exhibition in every respect—and rather warm, though all in a friendly spirit—both "covered themselves with glory." The others who appeared were as follows:—Daly and Ward, Ryan and Gibbons, Donohue and McGill, Collins and Dillon, Teddy Hines and Donaldson. Uncle Tovee, "by particular request," (Rooney having gone "all the way over home" after him, which shows the value of the old gentleman's services) officiated as Master, and paired the boxers to the satisfaction of all. His thanks are hereby tendered Rooney for the handsome manner in which he remunerated him, though Tovee hadn't posted a single bill. It would be more to the credit of some others if they would emulate Peter's example, for Uncle William deserves it.

ALLEN AND GALLAGHER.—The following letter shows how anxious Tom Allen is for an opportunity to try and "get square" with Charley Gallagher for the unfortunate termination of their late encounter:—

ST. LOUIS, April 9th, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR:—I am anxiously waiting to hear from Charley Gallagher, as he said he would make another match as soon as he got well, which I understand he is now. He has sent a letter to his friend here, asking to be matched against McCools, though he knows nobody will put up a large amount of money upon him. I want him to understand that I will fight him for as low a sum as $500 to as much as he can raise, in from one to four months from date of signing, as I think he has had plenty of benefits over that last fight. I want no paper talk, but I wish him to put up some money or come to St. Louis and make a match. Yours, respectfully, TOM ALLEN.

GALLAGHER AND HANLEY MATCHED.—A match for five hundred dollars a side was made in the City of Elms last week, we are informed by a note from "headquarters," between Jimmy Gallagher, Patsy Sheppard's "blonde," and Andy Hanley, of Fulton Market, this city. The match is made at catch weight, and the 11th of May is fixed upon as the day of battle. Fifty dollars a side has been deposited with Mr. Collins, a well known sporting man of New Haven, and the articles call for staking of the remainder on the 8th proximo. Both will go once into training, Hanly under the mentorship of Dan Kerrigan, and Patsy looking after the interests of his novice. The principals are of the light weight division, and as each are quite proficient with their dukes and have plenty of warm friends, a scientific and exciting "meet" is looked for.

GLOVEOLOGY IN THE BAY STATE.—Pete Joyce gave an exhibition at Brinley Hall, Worcester, Mass., on Thursday evening, 15th inst., when he was assisted by Johnny Cannon, Johnny Sullivan, Tim Cronin (a brother of Patsey's), Mike Keefe and Dick O'Donnell. During the evening there was a prize dance for a silver (?) cup, which was awarded to Master Johnny Moore. The wind-up between Joyce and Patsey Cronin was a pleasing display, and was greeted with "numerous applaws." The hall was well filled, and everything passed off in the most agreeable manner, Pete will show at Milford during the current week.

COLLYER AND MCALPINE.—Of late there has been considerable talk in Detroit, Mich., of a match between Sam Collyer and Tom McAlpine, and there appears a fair prospect that the chinning may end in something which the adherents of aremic sports will be pleased to hear. Both men are seemingly willing to try each other's mettle, and the hitch is in regard to time, Collyer desiring to fight in a week or two, for from $300 to $500, which "Sloap" thinks is too brief a period. Johnny Mackey was sparring with Sam at the Varieties last week.

LETTER FROM SAM COLLYER.—From the tenor of the following extract from a letter from the above straightforward boxer and ex-champion of the light-weights, it may be inferred that Sam is as ready as ever to tackle anybody of his weight who fancies him, particularly his old antagonist, Billy Edwards:—

DETROIT, Michigan, April 17, 1869.

FRIEND QUEEN.—I agree with you about the light-weight would-be fighters. They are all big on the spar, but hang fire when there is a chance of getting their face disfigured—one, in particular, whose "mother won't let him fight any more." Good boy! I take notice a man never had to spend much money for advertising himself at my weight, when I say that he meant it. I was sorry that Hickey left without making his b..d deft good. I ... Pittsburgh next week, and in New York in about three we... very truly, S. COLLYER.

MCCOOLE AND ALLEN.—A telegram from St. Louis states that a match has been made between Mike McCoole and Tom Allen, for $1,000 a side, the fight to take place in six weeks from date of signing, and only twenty persons on either side to be present. We have no positive information of such a match having been effected, and it is open to doubt.

A SCRAPE IN WISCONSIN.—A milling match, arising from an altercation, took place at La Crosse, Wis., on the afternoon of the 9th inst., between Bell, of Dubuque, and Lashell, of the former town, their friends adding $50 a side to make it more interesting. At the end of the 18th round Lashell came out winner, leaving his opponent in such a mutilated condition that he had to be carried to his bed.

BOB BRETTLE desires us to express his thanks to all friends who have extended him favors during his tour through the country, and will be pleased to have 'em call on him at his domicile in the Smoky City.

TOM ALLEN has again entered into business for himself, this time in St. Louis, where he is host of the saloon at 1,215 North Fifth street.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Barney Aaron, Ben. Hogan and John Haydock.

AQUATICS.

A HAZARDOUS EXPLOIT.—A young man by the name of Charles Marston advertised that he would sail over the Augusta dam between the hours of two and three o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th inst. As the river, owing to the recent rains and thaw, has of late been very high, the proposed feat created quite an excitement. At the appointed time a large concourse of people had assembled on both sides of the river to witness the daring exploit, and Marston soon after started from the main body of ice, about twenty rods from the dam, in a small wherry, steering with a common paddle. The current soon took the boat, and he was propelled through the water with considerable speed until he arrived at the edge of the dam, which he shot over with fearful velocity. As the boat went over Marston flung himself nearly on his face, clinging to the sides, and in that position both man and boat disappeared in the boiling surge below, but almost instantaneously reappeared and rode safely out in the stream, amid the cheers of the crowd. A collection had been taken up, and the venturesome young raftsman, having made a bet of $25 on the success of this exploit, felt himself amply rewarded. Marston is a young man of about twenty years of age and very small. The height of the falls is some thirty feet.

NEW BOATS.—Alderman Stephen Roberts, who has gained an enviable reputation as a constructor of every description of racing and pleasure craft used upon our waters, has just completed at his establishment in this city, a six-oared shell, 52 feet long and 22 inches wide, for the Chickasaw Boat Club, of Memphis, Tenn. He has also finished a four-oared—or rather a four-pair scull boat for Messrs. Benseysen, paper house, Albany, N. Y. There is likewise in course of construction at his shop a scull boat, 33 feet long and 10 inches wide, for H. Richards, of Harvard College, which will weigh, with outriggers, only 30 pounds—less than one pound to the foot. Mr. Roberts has at command every facility for fulfilling orders with promptness.

ADDITIONAL ALTERATIONS are being made in the yacht Sappho at the sectional dock, foot of Gouverneur street, this city. Workmen are engaged putting "sponsors" in her hull, which will give her nearly four feet additional breadth of beam. Her spars are all on deck, and she is to be newly rigged, so as to spread when completed nearly one-third more canvas than she did in her race with the Cambria in Europe.

THE MATCH BETWEEN HAYES AND SHEAN.—This match is to go on, and will take place over the Association course on the day originally named, April 27th. The backer of Hayes deserves much credit for refusing to claim the forfeit to which he was by rule entitled.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SOMETHING ABOUT LEONARD.—A correspondent sends us the following:—

ST. JOSEPH, MO., April, 14th, 1869.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—Some few weeks ago you copied from the St. Joseph papers an account of one Leonard, the walkist (?) having performed the feat of walking 100 miles in 24 hours. It is a well known fact that Leonard did not do this, which I am able to prove by dozens of good citizens. After his one hundred mile feat he rested the St. Joseph Fair Grounds, and promised $50 to the Blackfeathers. His gate money amounted to $7 50. He walked about 14 hours and gave out, behind time. His next great feat was to walk 36 hours without food or sleep. He performed this in a small room over the Arcade Saloon. The door money amounted to $4. Leonard then went to Atchison, Kansas, and attempted the same feat, but no one patronized him, and he returned to this city. He afterwards made a bet of $50 to perform another feat, the character of which I forbear to mention, as it is too beastly; but being unable to induce any one to engage in it with him it was given up. The citizens spoke of tar and feathers, and at this time Leonard is soon off. I have written this in every word of which I can prove, in order that you may not take any notice of him hereafter, as I think its a disgrace for the name to appear in your paper along with respectable professionals.

Yours respectfully, J. W. M.

ADSETTS AND ARTINGSTALL'S MATCH.—On Tuesday, 27th inst., the match between Wm. H. Adsetts and Ralph Artingstall, *alias* "Chippy," to run one hundred and fifty yards, level, for, it is said, $200 a side, will be decided at Philadelphia. Both men have been in active training since the protocol was signed. We hear that they have been unable to secure Suffolk Park for the contest, as originally announced, and that the race will take place at some point nearer the city, which will probably prove to be all for the better, pecuniarily at least.

J. FINNEY, of Manchester, Eng., challenges any man in the world to run one mile and says he will allow him 10 yards start in that distance for his own sum. He also offers to take £50 to £40 from Hazell that he beats him for the ten mile Champion Cup.

W. ROBINSON, the long distance ped, has, we learn, undertaken to walk 30 miles inside of 3 hours for a bet of $200, made against time by E. T. Healey, of Brooklyn. The trial is to take place on May 16th. We believe Robinson has also entered for the four mile champion walk at Providence, R. I.

THE FOUR MILE BELT.—Up to the present date three persons have signified their intention to compete for the four miles' trophy, viz:—James Miles, James Smith and W. Robinson. The contest is to take place at the Driving Park, Providence, R. I., on May 3d.

JIM SMITH is at present located at Trenton, N. J., in the vicinity of which he takes his breathings while preparing for the fifty mile champion walk. He'll make a formidable opponent.

WESTON AND PAYN are to start upon their 100 miles tramp between Fredonia and Silver Creek on Tuesday, 20th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M. If this proves another failure they will have to "shut up shop."

VELOCIPEDIANA.

A FIFTY MILE RIDE.

The Boston Velocipedrome was visited by a large number of Hubites on the evening of the 12th inst., attracted by the announcement that Walter Brown, the champion sculler, would attempt the feat of riding fifty miles inside of six hours. By measurement of a surveyor it was ascertained that about eleven and one half circuits of the rink were necessary to complete a mile, and that in a distance of fifty miles five hundred and seventy-three circuits should be made. Messrs. Samuel Emerson and E. L. Norcross officiated as judges and time-keepers, and shortly before half past four o'clock Brown announced himself ready for the task. He appeared attired in flesh colored tights. The machine used was one of the Demorest 43 inch pattern, manufactured especially for the race, and having attached to it a support for the back. At precisely half past four o'clock the word was given for the start, and locomotion was commenced and continued at quite a lively speed, the first nine miles being completed in forty three minutes, and eighteen miles in 1 hour and 28 minutes. After the completion of the first 9 miles a rest of 12 minutes was taken, after 18 miles a rest of 13 minutes, and at the completion of 26 miles a rest of 12 minutes was had. Twenty-five miles were accomplished in 2 hours and 47 minutes, and at 3.19 o'clock Brown had completed 34 miles, or 301 circuits, in 3 hours and 49 minutes. He made occasional stops for rest and refreshment until the distance was completed, but did not lose his equilibrium until the 417th circuit, when becoming slightly exhausted, and the bicycle being a little stiff, he lost control of the machine for an instant and fell. He again lost his equilibrium on the 421st and 434th circuits, but had plenty of time to spare, and therefore took things coolly and remained firm in the saddle. The last stop for rest was made when 484 circuits had been accomplished, and at half past nine o'clock the circumrotation was renewed and continued until 10.12 o'clock, when the judges announced the 50 miles accomplished in 5 hours and 42 minutes, the running time being 4 hours and 17 minutes. On the last mile Brown propelled the bicycle very swiftly, as an exhibition of speed, and completed that distance in 4 minutes and 17 seconds. When the 50-mile feat had been accomplished Brown was vociferously applauded, and received the warm congratulations of many friends. There was a fair attendance during the exhibition.

EXCITING CONTEST IN BALTIMORE.

Messrs. Russell and Cole's riding school, in the City of Monuments, was well filled on the afternoon of the 12th inst., the attractive feature being a series of races, a quarter of a mile, half mile, and a mile, respectively, for the championship of that region. For the first two heats the contest was very warm, but for the third and longest the riders apparently became somewhat tired, and several withdrew. The following is the result:—

	Quarter mile.	*Half mile.*	*Mile.*
C. Hugg	1:10	2:20	5:08
F. Kosman	1:17	foul	4:51
C. Freebooger	1:15	2:30	withdrew.
R. Duncan	1:03	2:19	withdrew.
James Gilmour	1:05	2:25	withdrew.
K. Cole	1:10	withdrew.	
F. Landon	1:00	2:13	4:46
W. R. Wilson	1:00	1:28	4:30
W. A. Bain	1:10	2:11	withdrew.
W. McMann	1:05	2:11	withdrew.
W. D. Wardle	1:07	foul	withdrew.
Wm. Forney	1:15	2:37	4:33
John Mitchell	0:58	2:02	4:13

Although Mr. Mitchell made the best time, he was ruled out in consequence of not having been regularly entered for the race. W. R. Wilson, who made the next best time, claimed the championship.

"BLACK CROOKS" ON THE VELOCIPEDE.—On the 12th inst., the managers of the Third Avenue Velocipedrome introduced a troupe of five so-called "French velocipede artists" to their patrons. The party consisted of the "La Belle Sisters," two comely young ladies, dressed *a la* "Black Crook," and three athletes called the DeSoto Brothers. The novelty of the affair drew two or three thousand spectators to the rink, a fair share of whom were ladies. The performances commenced about 9 o'clock, and lasted about half an hour. The "Belle Sisters" rode, and the athletes rode, and then they all mounted one machine—one upon the other almost—and bicycleated round the rink several times. On the following evenings, Mlle. Marie, a handsome and dashing rider, appeared. A pretty little lady, called La Belle, also put in an appearance on the 13th, and attracted considerable attention by her graceful evolutions. On the 14th, Frank Gibbons, gymnast, appeared in a series of feats on a *trapeze*, suspended at a dizzy height. He also gave an exhibition on the bicycle, and proved himself a skilful rider. It is a mooted question whether the velocipede is a proper vehicle for ladies with a "Black Crook" tendency, and the enterprise of the rink managers in introducing the French troupe is variously discussed. It is questionable if even in this can-cannish age, exhibitions of a similar nature will meet with public approbation and lasting favor.

BICYCLE TOURISTS.—The practicability of the velocipede is being pretty thoroughly tested now-a-days. Whether the new vehicle is to amount to anything on rough roads is a mooted question, the solution of which is only a question of time. In all parts of the country we have seen accounts of long and short journeys performed on the bicycle, but it remained ... a pair of Pr...ians is being a matter to a test ... inst., at ... corner of Fulton and Flatbush avenues for a ride out on the Coney Island plank road and back, about eleven miles. Howell was the first to ride out, covering the distance in 35 minutes. Woodward was second, and Hudson third. The most prominent riders, beside those mentioned above, were Calvin, John, Robert and Henry Witty, Chadwick, Southwick, Phillips, and Willie Witty, an infant prodigy of the mature age of five years, who manages his bicycle as well as the best. Chadwick became invisible to the party shortly after leaving Prospect Park, and it was thought he had given up the trip as a bad job. He turned off on the Bath road, however, to take breakfast with a friend, and really went further than the balance of the party. The entire party were back to the starting point by o'clock. A. M., none the worse for the trip. On the 11th, a party of six velocipedestrians left Latimer Hall, Brooklyn, and rode out to Newark, by way of Jersey City, Bergen Hill.

BICYCLE PROPULSION IN THE CRESCENT CITY.—The Velocipede *furore* has reached New Orleans, and on the 8th inst. the inaugural race took place at the Fair Ground Race Course. There were nine entries, viz.: Messrs. G. H. Dunbar, who rode instead of Mr. D. C. Johnson, H. Salisbury, R. Costa, N. B. Bruce, E. L. Copes, W. G. Valentine, L. Martin, M. R. Fernandez, and E. Stevens. The race was for one mile, and, though it attracted a good deal of attention on account of its novelty, failed in the end to create the slightest enthusiasm. The bicycles were brought up and ranged with their riders abreast of each other, Stevens, who is quite a youth, being allowed fifteen feet the start. At the tap of the bell they all got away after a fashion, with the exception of Mr. Bruce, whose velocipede became deranged in some way and tumbled over. Down to the quarter-pole the scramble for the lead was very funny, the zigzag movements of many of the bicycles creating a great deal of laughter. Mr. Dunbar soon took the lead, however, which he kept until the close, coming home winner of the race in 6:14. Copes second, Costa third, Salisbury fourth, Valentine fifth, and the rest in the distance.

FAST TIME ON THE BICYCLE.—On the night of the 15th inst., the rink at Indianapolis, Ind., was crowded by ladies and gentlemen to witness the contest for a champion medal, offered by the managers to the fastest rider; the distance was one mile, which necessitated forty-four turns—eleven times around the rink. There were a large number of entries, but some became faint-hearted at the eleventh hour and failed to come to the mark, while several others capsized in turning corners, after having made seven rounds, and withdrew. The follwing are the names and time made by those who succeeded in accomplishing the mile:—Geo. Thudium, 3:03; Ben Whitsell, 3:11¾; Al. Joyce, 3:13¼; Jos. Wallace, 3:18½; Jno. Lord, 3:59½; Simon Coy, 4:00. Thudium received the medal, and his time is the fastest of which we have any record. The same rider accomplished the distance in 3:06, in February last.

HALF MILE RACE FOR A PICKERING MACHINE.—At Pearsall's Gymnaciclidium, on the evening of the 15th inst., there was a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen interested in velocipede matters. The interest of the occasion centred in the contest for a handsome silver and ivory mounted Pickering bicycle, valued at $200. The distance to be run was half a mile, or ten circuits of the hall. There were nine competitors, among them being Paul Dana (whose father's *Sun* "shines for all"), Lefferts, Duryea, Darling, Brooks, Lawson and Noble. Brooks made the best time, after a second trial (having fallen on the first), accomplishing the distance in 1:57¾. Darling's time was next best, 1:59¾; Mr. Lawson rode "The Peerless," the ladies' machine, in 2:18. The winner rode a 40 inch Wood machine. In the early part of the evening Miss Pearsall displayed the beauties of "The Peerless."

CHALLENGE TO VELOCIPEDISTS.—The managers of the Empire City Skating Rink, this city, having a high opinion of the abilities of Master Carnival, the expert young bicyclist, throw down the gauntlet to any person, tall or short, aged or youthful, daring them to a trial of skill with their *protege*, distance one mile, for one hundred dollars a side. The race is to take place at the above named velocipedrome, 63d street and 3d avenue, and they have deposited the sum of $100 in our hands to show their earnestness. The *deft* is to remain open four days, and as there are quite a number of riders in the metropolis and vicinity who place a high estimate upon their powers of propulsion, they ought not to allow this challenge to remain unanswered. Who will contest for the honors and greenbacks with Master Carnival?

ITEMS IN BRIEF.—An enterprising individual, taking advantage of the balmy weather with which we were favored on Sunday, 18th inst., had a number of bicycles on the corner of 59th street and avenue V, and did quite a thriving business in hiring them out to those velocipedically inclined. Riders were plentiful in the avenues of the Park during the afternoon .....Several small halls in the lower part of the city have closed, owing to lack of patronage. From appearances this early closing movement will be followed by the proprietors of some of the underground "academies" in other sections of Gotham. .....P. Davis won the first prize in a contest at the Portland (Me.) rink on the 12th inst. He made the distance in 19 minutes, 13½ seconds.

FIFTY MILES IN SIX HOURS.—The proprietors of the Jersey City Velocipedrome have engaged Walter Brown as the next "star," and announce that on Friday, 23d inst., he will again attempt the feat of riding fifty miles in six hours on a bicycle, commencing at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The performance of such a feat involves a severe tax on the muscular powers, but Brown possesses abundance of the necessary article and recently accomplished the distance in four hours and seventeen minutes, actual running time, at Boston. This, with the other attractions offered, will doubtless draw a full house to the establishment on the evening mentioned.

FOREST CITY BICYCLEISM.—On the 12th inst., at the West Side Rink, a gala time was had, a prize being offered for fast and fancy riding, open only to pupils of the rink. The first was won by Matt Sturtevant, distance five times around the rink (17 times to the mile), in 1:16. The fancy prize was taken by Master Jones. After the regular exercises a scrub race was gotten up, open to all, same distance, which was won by Will E. Chapman in 1:06, on a 76 pound machine.....The opening of the "Forest City Velocipedrome" occurred on the 14th inst, on which occasion a prize for fast riding was offered, and won by C. Hoyt, who made one mile in 3:24.

A THREE THOUSAND MILE BICYCLE RIDE.—Sweet, the pedestrian, is making preparation for a 3,000 mile ride on the skeleton steed. He proposes to start from Boston June 1st, and from there to Hartford, Conn.; part of the Empire State will be traversed next, and Cleveland, O., reached. Washington will be the next point of interest, where the velo-tourist will pay his respects to Gen. Grant. Sweet is now training for the ride, we are told. If the proposed trip should come to pass, our readers will be duly advised of the same.

NOTES FROM BUFFALO.—The Hervey Bros. & Co. opened the skating rink as a velocipede hall on the 17th inst., the whole surface formerly covered with ice being floored over with white pine. The floor is 202 feet long by 76 wide, and is very solid. They have fifty machines of all kinds.....Frank Swift and Mr. Boyle, of New York, gave an exhibition of their skill in the afternoon and evening of the 17th, and Messrs. Greenwood, Hustel and Pease showed how well they understood the skittish horse by a great number of difficult movements.

ONE MILE SPIN.—A race, distance one mile, took place at the Velocipede Rink, Boston, Mass., on the night of the 14th inst., the time made by the several competitors being as follows:—H. Burroughs, New York, 3:52¾; Walter Brown, Boston, 3:54½; M. W. Lynch, Brookline, 4:20½; A. W. Fiske, Boston, 4:21; J. Thompson, Boston, 4:07½; F. E. Martell, Boston, 4:23½; Driscoll, Boston, 5:05. The first prize, a $20 gold piece, was awarded to Burroughs, and the second, of $10, to Brown.

THE AMERICAN VELOCIPEDE MANUAL.—We have received a copy of an interesting and instructive little work with the above title. It is from the pen of Mr. A. W. Cole, one of the *Herald* staff, and a velocipedestrian of considerable experience. As a means of assisting beginners in acquiring the art of plain and fancy riding, we would recommend the manual.

TOURNEY ON LONG ISLAND.—Mr. W. T. Johnson, the rink builder, announces a velocipede tournament to take place at the Union Course, L. I., on the 27th inst. The prizes have been manufactured by Tiffney & Co., the Ball, Black & Co., and are worth straddling a bicycle for. Some of the races will be against time and the tourney will close with a sweepstakes contest.

GOOD TIME.—On the 15th, at the Indianapolis Rink, Geo. L. Hudleum, is said to have made one mile, with 44 turnings, in 3:03, with a 36 inch machine. "Important, if true."

A VELOCIPEDE SCHOOL has been opened at No. 150 Fourth street, Cincinnati, at which two young ladies, Mlle. Eugenie and Miss Lida Bertram, gave exhibitions.

BILLIARDS.

THE GRAND TOURNAMENT.

As the time draws near for the opening of the tournament which is to define the billiard championship of America, and likewise invest some worthy player with the emblem of that championship, there are signs that for two weeks or more there will be stirring times and much "pulling of leather" in and about Irving Hall. It is certain that this tournament will eclipse, both in point of skill and interest, any of the numerous ones heretofore held. The contestants, eight in number, are all experts, of recognized great ability, and fairly represent the highest billiard talent of the continent. First to enter was Joseph Dion, of Montreal, who has since, though merely by "the skin of his teeth," twice beaten Melvin Foster at the very style of game which will obtain in the tournament. Although not positively set down as the winner, Dion's chances are so good for the first prize that his name, along with two others', is spoken of in connection with it. One or two papers have said that Dion will not play in the tournay, because he has notified the profession that he will not accept any more challenges. This probably means that he will not enter into any more new matches—not that he will abandon those in which he is already involved. He entered the lists in good faith, and by so doing contracted to play seven matches—one with Rudolphe, one with Foster, one with Deery, one with Rhines, one with Snyder, one with Daniels, and one with Goldthwait. Being happily in the flush of health, and having no plea of business to set up that cannot be urged, with equal justice and force, by the others, Dion cannot now draw back with honor to himself, and we have no idea that he will absent himself from the tournament. The second entry was John Deery, a player who, though unsuccessful as a rule when the now obsolete push-barred game was the standard for matches, has during the past three years exclusively studied those games in which the pushing stroke is not permitted, and who in practice has played in a manner creditable to himself and satisfactory in the highest degree to his adherents. Then came Melvin Foster, of whom nothing need be said, save that, while he lost by scant majorities two of his games with Dion, he has been beaten by Dion only, and, to his credit, has defeated more players than any of those who will oppose him in the two weeks' tourney. Following Foster came Goldthwait, another "good 'un"—certain to take a prize, and, if but moderately prudent, liable to win the first. Rudolphe followed —"the mysterious Rudolphe," as he is sometimes called. With Dion in or Dion out, Rudolphe is likely to be the favorite. Few believe that his skill is less than Dion's or Foster's, and his larger experience should have conferred upon him a stouter nerve than either. Rudolphe, and next to him Foster, are the men Dion hesitates to meet; and, when he declined to accept any more challenges, it was Rudolphe and Foster who stood before his eyes. It would be the height of folly to predict that men who play as well as Dion and Foster will be beaten by any other one; but, with forefinger raised ominously to dexter eye, the CLIPPER says—Keep a sharp look-out for Rudolphe! He was a dangerous opponent at the push-barred game when here before, and he plays it much better now than then. Nor must Snyder, who entered sixth, nor Daniels and Rhines, who respectively entered seventh and eighth, be underestimated. Daniels has been laying down to this game for more than six months; and Melvin Foster, the only one of his respective opponents who has seen him play it during that period, says he can stand alongside of anybody—at least, in a friendly contest, whatever he may be able to do when he is matched with "the trial horse." Snyder has long ... excellent player, and is the ... weakest player that city sends.

The cue, as we have had occasion ... will be worthy the best efforts of the players. ... more tasteful than the original cue, and twice as valuable. Accompanying this cue will be $560 in money, and forty per cent. of whatever the net receipts may be. The second prize will be $350, and 25 per cent. of net receipts; the third, $255 and 20 per cent.; the fourth, $165 and 10 per cent; and the fifth, $70 and 5 per cent. The games, of which there will probably be at least thirty, are to consist of 1,500 points each, played with 2⅜ths balls, on a Standard American table, of the second size, with four pockets, and these reduced one half inch from the ordinary size. Each single game will count three points, and both crotching and pushing will be prohibited. On the opening day there will be but one contest, and that will take place at night. Afterwards there will be two a day, certainly, and possibly three—morning, afternoon and night.

CONTEST FOR $500 A SIDE BETWEEN WICKS AND FITCH.—The contest at the French game, 300 points, between William Wicks, of Brooklyn, and Frank Fitch, of Troy, so long looked forward to, took place on the 14th inst., at Chris. O'Connor's, in presence of nearly all the leading professional and amateur players hereabouts. Take it for all in all, it was a fine display of billiards, and reflected credit on the contestants, more than the player particularly. Starting off with a run of 10, and following with 4's and 5's, and a 19, and 10, etc., Fitch plainly showed that he was more a master of the cue than common report had credited him with being. At the start the betting was even, Wicks being the favorite for choice; but after the first innings there was absolutely nothing invested, and after the first hour's play it was conceded that Fitch would achieve a decided triumph. The result justified the soundness of this concession, as the Trojan's majority was 75. His average was two and one-eighteenth, and best runs 19 and 14. Wick's best runs were 13 and 11. The time, 4h.35m.

MELVIN FOSTER AND JOHN DEERY.—These experts have been matched to play the French game, 300 points up, on a four-pocket table, for $250 a side. The contest was to have taken place in private, at O'Connor's, on the 16th inst., but it has been decided to play the game in public, and the men will now cross cues on the 23d inst., at Irving Hall. There is a likelihood of the stake being increased from $250 to $500.

AND YET ANOTHER MATCH.—Maurice Dalley and William Goldthwait have concluded to play the push-barred game, 1,200 points up, on a four-pocket table, for $150 a a side. It is Goldthwait's privilege to increase the amount to $300 a side. They will play in Capt. Boyle's room, at the close of the tournament.

TOURNAMENT IN BROOKLYN.—A tournament to decide the championship of LONG ISLAND was begun at Samuells' Rooms, Brooklyn, on the 19th inst., and will continue, afternoon and evening, until the close of the current week. The first prize is a gold medal, worth $175. There are seven or eight competitors.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Trotting Season.

RICH HARVEST IN PROSPECT FOR THE OWNERS OF FAST HORSES.

At no previous period in the history of the American trotting turf was there a brighter prospect of a remunerative season for the owners of fast trotting horses. At all of the principal trotting meetings to be held during the approaching season, viz.:—The Union Course, L. I.; Prospect Park, Brooklyn; Boston, Riverside Park, Narragansett and Buffalo, considerably over one hundred thousand dollars of public money are given to be trotted for by horses of various classes and degrees of speed. Nor does this comprise the whole amount of purses that await the successful winners, for numerous other meetings have yet to issue their programmes, so that the owners, trainers and drivers of fast trotting stock have a busy and flourishing season before them. One noticeable and highly commendable feature in the distributing of the numerous rich purses at the various meetings is the awarding of large amounts to the second and third, and, in many cases, fourth horses, in the different races. This is a judicious step on the part of the various associations, as the owner of a fast horse will not hesitate to enter him in a purse for which he is eligible, because he knows that, even if he should not be the absolute winner, he can, by gaining second or third place in the race, obtain an amount of money which, in itself, is equal to a valuable purse. Of the various trotting associations mentioned above, we find that the Boston and Buffalo gave each $20,000; the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and Narragansett Park, R. I., gave $15,000 each; the Riverside Park, Boston, $10,000; the Island Park, Albany, $11,000; and the Union Course, L. I., nearly $7,000. The once popular Fashion Course, L. I., under its present management, has fallen somewhat behind the age, and although a trotting meeting is announced, the aggregate of the purses is only $3,500. The purses at these meetings are adapted in gradation to every class of trotters, from those who have made their mark below the thirties, to those who have never before trotted for money in public. There is, consequently, a bright prospect of an unusual brilliant trotting season during the coming summer.

Reforms on the Trotting Turf.

The Narragansett Park Association, of Rhode Island has just taken the initiative in several highly desirable reforms on the trotting turf, and which we trust to see adopted by other and similar associations. In their programme of trotting for the June meeting, they announce the rules and conditions governing it; and one of these is to the effect that a horse distancing the field is entitled to the entire purse. This is a just and sensible rule, for when an owner enters his horse for a purse, he pays his entrance money per centage on the full amount of the purse, and not a per centage on the full amount for the first horse only. Should he, therefore, distance the field that starts against him, he is justly entitled to the second and third money, on which he had paid his per centage, as well as the money for the winning horse. Associations and proprietors of trotting tracks have hitherto, in such cases, only given the winner the money for the first horses and have themselves pocketed that for second and third horses. Another excellent rule which this association have just adopted, is that "time made at fairs, or on any track, whether short or full, is a bar." This rule, if generally adopted, will do away with the numerous short tracks in existence, and which are such convenient sources of fraud. An unscrupulous owner, who has a horse he wishes to sell, trots him a match or a race on a track considerably short of a regular mile, and then points to the record of the time he has made on it as an evidence of the speed of his horse, but concealing the fact of the short track trotted over; yet he urges the latter circumstance when it will tell in his favor, that his horses had not trotted so fast as the record shows, because the course was short. A third rule is that "Time made under the saddle shall not be a bar;" and the reasonableness of this commends itself to every horseman and owner. We trust these reforms will be introduced on the different trotting tracks and adopted by the various trotting associations throughout the country.

DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED RACE HORSE JAMES A. CONOLLY.—The death of Mr. Isaac Pennock's famous race horse, James A. Conoly, will create a general feeling of regret among turfmen. It occurred last week at his owner's farm in Kentucky. While in training at Mobile this spring, under the care of Eph. Snediker, for his engagement on the three mile heat sweepstakes of $1,000 each, at New Orleans, he unexpectedly fell lame, and his owner, in order to give him rest and time to recruit, turned him out on his arrival at home in Kentucky. He intended bringing him North to be trained at Paterson for his engagements at Jerome Park and Saratoga, but, unfortunately, while running free in a paddock, he reared up, and falling, injured his back so seriously that he died soon afterwards. He was only 5 years old, and was well bred, being by Vandal, dam by Margrave. His best performances on the turf were in winning the four mile dash purse of $1,000 at Saratoga, last summer, beating Pat Malloy and Plantaganet in 7:38¾, on a very heavy track and amid a tremendous storm of rain; and in winning the Stewards Cup at the Jerome Park last fall meeting. He lost the Saratoga Cup last year by a head only, Lancaster, thanks to the magnificent riding of Heyward, beating him on the post in the last stride. He was a good, honest race horse, possessing great speed and wonderful gameness, and his loss is no common one to the American turf.

THE FORDHAM STAKES.—Since our last issue, we learn from the secretary of the American Jockey Club that Messrs. Richards and Kilgour have declared both Locust Post and Kitty Free out of the Fordham Stakes Handicap. The great form shown by Locust Post at the recent New Orleans Meeting, where he beat General Ewell and Gilroy in a two mile dash in 3:37, and the Banshee, at mile heats, in 1:48; 1:48½, and compelled Bayonet to run three miles in 5:31, has induced his owner, Mr. Richards, to reserve him for more important races than the handicap at Fordham, for which he was remarkably well in.

TROT IN MARYLAND.—The name of the old Herring Run race course, near Baltimore, Md., has been changed to "Baltimore Club Park" since it came into the possession of D. E. Bishop, an enterprising young Baltimorean. A trot took place on the 12th inst., between the bay mare Fannie and bay gelding Dan, for $200, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. There were four heats trotted, Dan winning the odd one. The best time was 3:05, with a somewhat heavy track. The track is to be put in first rate order, and will have new fencing and the buildings thoroughly repaired.

LADY THORN AND AMERICAN GIRL.—The matches between James McMann's renowned trotting mare Lady Thorn, and William Lovell's promising American Girl will be trotted on the Fashion Course, L. I., and not on the Union Course, as previously announced. The first match, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for $1,000 a side, comes off on Monday, May 3d; and the week afterwards, on May 10th, they trot for a similar stake, a race of mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. As heretofore, Dan Piffer is training and will drive Lady Thorn in both races, while American Girl, who is no longer trained by Hiram Howe, will be handled and driven by Peter Mance.

A HIGH PRICED TROTTER.—The well-known trainer, Alec Paterson, of the Fashion Course, L. I., has just returned from Kentucky with a young trotting stallion of great promise, for which he is said to have given the large price of $17,000. This horse is a six year old, named Tatler, and is by Pilot, Jr., (the sire of John Morgan, Bull Run, and Native American) out of Fell-tale, by Medoc, and trotted last fall over the Woodlawn Course, Louisville, in 2:26, in a race of mile heats. He was bred and owned by Mr. Alexander, of Woodburn, Ky., and has been standing at the stud.

THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.—We learn that the newly constructed track on the Fashion Course will be used the coming season, instead of the old one. Budd Doble will not train here this season, but will make the Point Breeze Track, Philadelphia, his training quarters, and here he will prepare Goldsmith Maid for her engagements.

THE KENTUCKY RACES.—The Spring Meeting over the Association Course, near Lexington, Ky., is announced to commence on May 17th, and continue throughout the week. From the number of entries and character of the stock, rare sport may be anticipated.

SALE OF A HURDLE RACER.—The famous hurdle racer, Edinboro,' by Lexington, out of a Yorkshire mare, who has been so successful at the jumping business, was sold by Mr. Swigart, after winning the hurdle race at the recent New Orleans meeting, for $1,500.

GEORGE H. WOOD, the old and well known horse trainer and driver, died at Boston on the 16th inst., after a brief illness, of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

RIFLE MATCH IN CANADA.—Sergt. Norris, Lieut. Wurtle, Private Holloway, Capt. Barrett and Sergt. Trew, single men, shot a match on the ... inst. at Beauport, C. E., with Capt. Morg... ...t, ... Hawking, Lieut. Holw... ...sing to ... ...ether scores.

A match with ... Pheatt, at 50 birds (single), for a purse of $500, the match to come off on May 20th.

VIRGINIA VS.

SONG OF ALL PLAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY O. D. USS.

O! "Dearer than Life" was my sweetheart, "Ben Bolt,"
When "Under the Gaslight" he sat,
In the "Streets of New York," with the "Colleen Bawn"
And "Dame Trot and her Comical Cat."

But the "Wandering Minstrel" did lure him away,
To help him to find the "Lost Heir,"
And "Nick of the Woods" sent him off with "Black Crook,"
To hunt the bold "Robert Macaire."

"Ten Nights in a Bar-room" near "East Lynne" they staid;
"Crispino" was mending a shoe;
"Aladdin" was cleaning his "Wonderful Lamp,"
Whilst "Hamlet" was "Taming the Shrew."

"Romeo" was drinking a glass of hot gin,
And "Juliet" was plucking a dove;
"Satanella" was washing her feet, sweet girl!
In a dish of "Elixir of Love."

The "Child of the Regiment" came marching past,
"John of Paris" was leading the band;
"Kate Kearney" got Ben to enlist with "Macbeth,"
The "Duke's Motto" was placed in his hand.

"Fortunio" told me poor Ben has been killed,
And "Blue Beard" has got all his goods;
The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" committed the crime,
'Tis called the "Dark Deed in the Woods."

"Fra Diavolo" buried his beautiful corse,
In a waving field of green corn,
"Guy Mannering" sat down with the "Lady of Lyons,"
And drowned his grief in a horn.

UNCLE PHIL'S HEART CREVICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DIOGENES.

Watering places are matrimonial manure. There was **Jinks**, for instance, a bachelor, sworn to all the dislikes and aversions of the order (but who possessed a platonic admiration for a pretty face or ankle), brought home from Newport an ugly, little, broom-stick legged, popped eyed wench, whom he introduced to me as his wife.

"The matrimonial state is a most delightful one," said J., stroking his thigh with great unction, "and I have never been so happy or contented since my uncle died. I advise you, my dear boy, to try it at once, as it is a panacea for all griefs."

I met him a few days after, sauntering through Broadway, wrapped in thought, and accosted him. "Woman is a delusion," he said sorrowfully; "look here." He removed his caubeen and showed me a large inflamed spot on his cranium, where a quantity of hair had evidently been forcibly extracted. "She has the damndest strength in her hands, has Mrs. J., that I ever experienced". Comment was unnecessary.

Mrs. Jinks was the last person to whom I would have surrendered my title of single gentleman. There was a suspicion of bad temper in her crimson hair, a certain catlike quality in the shape of her mouth, denoting treachery, and a lean, scragginess of person that was hardly an incentive to the most amorous temperament.

Jinks pined after his lost manhood, and through perseverence and a practical application of a friend's advice, finally procured a separation through the medium of an Indiana institution, which brought back the bloom to his cheek, the glisten to his eye, flesh to his ribs, and an abundance of threats from the late Jinks *feminnes*' brothers, cousins, and nephews.

Still, marriage is an excellent institution, and though having no particular weakness for womanly charms, I make no objections to my friends committing matrimonicide, provided they make a suitable choice and are sufficiently steady to make their homes comfortable and happy. For my own part, though a bachelor, I am not a member of the *club*, yet at the same time I come in for a portion of the abuse and spirits of feminine spite that the organization is heir to. I am fond of children, but suspected of taking sweet hot toddy; I wear no wig, but it is rumored that I have sold a quantity of naughty things about the sex; I attend *soirees* and receptions, an moderately fond of social conversation and amusement, yet I am openly accused of always staying at home, except, and when in attendance at the theatres or free-and-easies, and protest is simply superfluous.

I don't know how it is, but my poetical bumps never grew very large, and my season of sonnets and lovesickness was a short one. It came like a simoon, and was gone, leaving behind a vestige of ruin, and wrinkled my heart so, that old *Tempus*, though he ply his trowel ever so briskly, can never cement up the chinks.

It was; well, I will not say, for appearances sake, how many years ago, when I was considered a young man, passably good looking, and with about the usual amount of good sense and knowledge of the world that is enjoyed by banking clerks generally. Bless you, there is not much room for imagination or day dreaming over my busy desk, and the time went bravely around, so that I just remember the period as a spell of hard work through the day, and sound sleep at night.

"Phil," said the cashier to me one morning—he was simply the best hearted man I ever knew, and was respected and beloved by every employee in the concern—"Phil," says he, "you're getting very thin, and I fear you apply yourself too close."

I didn't say "no," because I knew it, and was painfully aware of a loss of thirty pounds of flesh during the summer, that I had a dull pain in my chest, and a dry, ominous cough in my throttle.

"How would a trip out of town suit?" he said, with a smile; "I can spare you a month, if you will take it, send you to a good place, where, by dint of country exercise, meat, cream and vegetables, we can have you wound up for the winter, and no more need be said about it."

And very little more *was* said about it, for I did not, like a fool, slight the offer. My arrangements were immediately made, and my vacation soon became a realization.

Two days after I stood on the platform at White Plains station in a sort of quandary. It was late in the afternoon, and the iron monster that had drawn me from the city just paused for a moment, heaving with the subdued demon that gave one shriek, and then rattled off, with its long train spinning after like attendant imps.

It was just the commencement of autumn, when the flowers were fading and the evenings were chilled with a promise of the coming winter. The sweet, fresh air, rich as a draught of nectar to my thirsty, city fed lungs, was loaded with the perfumes of the decaying summer, the scent of new mown hay, and the vigorous fragrance of autumnal fruit. I took one long, sweet breath, the first breath of real country air I had imbibed for years, I seemed in a sort of trance, and walked dreamily to the baggage master to give directions as to my luggage and inquire my way.

"Mr. Penton, I suppose," said a rich, melodious voice behind me, and with the affirmation on my lips I turned and beheld a charming little woman's face beneath the most captivating gipsey bonnet in the world, whose blue ribbons was coquetting with the breeze, and the plump, matronly little form was clad in snowy muslin, and a wealth of rich, brown hair was brushed from a snowy forehead and tied in a simple knot behind; the features were small and regular, the mouth a perfect rosebud in color and sweetness, while the smooth, satin-like skin seemed ruddy, where it should be, with health and exercise. The earnest, blue eyes were turned full on mine, and I felt my heart jump to my mouth. "A reproach to city habits and paddings," I muttered. "Maud Muller completely outdone."

"I'm Tommy Race," she said, with a smile, and extending her hand. "That is," blushing charmingly, "they call me Tommy, though my name is Matilda, and I don't mind them. They hardly expected you to-day, and went out with the baroche to picnic. But I always like to be sure, and so stayed behind to do the manners of the family."

I made my best acknowledgments, of course, and somehow or other, the prospective, double fortnight began to grow intensely bright.

"We will have to walk home," said Miss Race, "but the trip is a pleasant one, and we will not be long."

There sometimes come into a man's existence, he knows not how, just a momentary taste of heavenly pleasure—a taste of something that is born of sunlight and good feeling, and is as far removed from the tarnish of worldly selfishness and sin as the sky is from earth. It lives in the heart like a memory of dreamland, and forms one of the choicest pages in the album of the past. It was one of those morsels of pure enjoyment I experienced during our walk to my temporary biding place, and it lay through merry beds of golden grain and wood land, and though I could not have accomplished one-half the distance in the city without tiring, we were fast completing it without signs of fatigue on my part. "Tommy" and I were soon fast friends, and we had already arranged many excursions and rambles that were to steal the month away.

We caught through the shifting trees an occasional glimpse of Mr. Race's old mansion, which was a fine frame house, seasoned and strong, covered in many places with moss and lichen accumulations that certified its antiquity, yet exhibiting no signs of decay. Everything was as neat and trim as a Methodist meeting house. It was a lovely little spot, situated in a pleasant grove, with meadows and orchard adjoining. I had always a great desire for fresh country fruit, and the prospect was an enjoyable one. The trees were cumbrous—the limbs in some places almost touching the ground with the weight of golden, rosy-cheeked apples—and several chestnut trees gave token of future favors in the swarming clumps of their nettle covered jewelry.

As we passed up the road that led to the gateway, the sunlight lay like a golden carpet before us. A shadow had fallen almost imperceptibly across our path, and with one accord we turned our heads.

It was the figure of a man crouching to a tree and holding his hat respectfully as a salute to Miss Race as we passed. He was a man of the shabby genteel order, with a sickly, yellowish complexion, a crop of sandy hair, and a pair of snakish, small eyes. Just for a moment he paused, and then he was gone.

Miss Race was trembling and pale as a ghost. Her teeth chattered as though she were stricken with a horrible fear, and she clasped both hands over her heart as though to press it in.

"Such a fright he gave me," she cried, with a shiver, and turning, affrightedly, to see if he were gone. "It is Mr. Tyte," she said, when she had sufficiently recovered herself, "a gentleman that lives below here. In spite of his appearance he is very wealthy and most unaccountable in his habit. This is the third time I have met him suddenly, and he frightens me half out of my wits."

The ogress laughed, and we walked on again, and when we had come to the gate, climbed it like a boy.

"There," she exclaimed, "few of your city ladies would have done that. And now, sir, as everything is locked up, we will have to go in by the kitchen way." The gate was fastened, so I had to follow suit to the lady in climbing the gate, rather an undertaking, by the way, thanks to my stiff, weak limbs.

"I often tell pa how foolish it is to lock everything up. I'll warrant I'd get through the best bolt this side of New York. Now see,—"

She paused before a window, and cooly knocked a pane out, removed the bolt, lifted the sash, and vaulted through like a Columbine. A moment after, the lady's white hands had placed before me a good bit of cold meat, a jug of cream, the best part of an excellent pound cake, a loaf of rich, white bread, and a dish of home-churned butter, and I surprised myself considerably at the exploits of my knife and fork.

The rest of the family soon reached home, and were profuse in their apologies. Mr. Race was a jolly country gentleman, with a taste for field sports and botany, and Mrs. R. was a suitable helpmate in every respect. Flora Race, a younger sister of "Tommy," was a hearty, sensible country girl, fond of house work, and the admiration of her father and mother. "Tommy," they told me, was wild and wilful; but the old gentleman informed me that she was as good as gold, and he would trust her by herself the world over.

I sank gradually in the meshes. The little witch had captured me completely. I lived, as it were, in her movements and wishes, and many were our merry rambles, laid out at her dictation, and more than willingly acceded to by myself. She was in my eyes an angel; she could sing like a nightingale, ride like a centaur, was a crack shot with a pistol or a fowling piece, could sketch landscape, compose poetry and music, and play the piano like a master. She had never given me any particular reason that I should cherish a warm affection for her, but evidenced a strong friendship, which was indeed only remarkable on account of its hasty growth.

So the time went, a period of sweet thoughts and experiences, and each day added a link to the chain that was gathering around my heart.

One evening, after supper, I had missed my merry little companion, and availed myself of the opportunity to give the evening to reflection and—tobacco. The fragrance of the weed was exceedingly soothing to one in my state, and I felt for the time as though I could have surpassed Moore or Byron in the expression of my feelings. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I strolled out in a most listless manner to enjoy the beauty of the evening. There was one of my favorite haunts, a bench beneath a maple, where I used to sun myself and dip in the pages of some novel or poem. As I neared the place I was startled to see, in the strong moonlight, figures on the seat. They were talking, and for the moment I could not forbear creeping closer, unperceived as I was. For the moment I was petrified. There was "Tommy" Race in close proximity to—good heavens! it cuts me yet as though it were a knife going through my bosom—the stranger whom we met on the road, and whose appearance had caused her such pretended fright. The torture was sufficient, and I crept slowly away.

I was blessed with one of those philosophical dispositions that give everything a proper weight, and was inclined to look on the bright side of every incident. In turning the occurrence over in my mind, and with an instinctive knowledge of the girl, I assured myself that her good name was free from any taint, and there might be a particle of hope to which I could anchor my passion. So I formed a determination that my fate should rest entirely with her, and as soon as an opportunity offered I should make my feelings known. The next morning, when we met at the breakfast table, she seemed quite as happy and voluble as ever, and her absence of the previous evening was never questioned.

My vacation was fast drawing to a close, and I felt that my future would soon be decided. One afternoon we were seated beneath the shade of a great oak that seemed the monarch of the little grove.

"Miss Race," said I, after a long chat over the happy times we had spent together, "I must leave you on Saturday."

"Oh, indeed! I was in hopes that you could make a longer sojourn."

"No—the call is censorious, and I could not make it longer."

"I am so sorry. I will miss your company so much."

"Will you miss me *so* much?" I had thrown my whole soul in these words, and my eyes no longer withheld the secret of my heart. She caught the expression of my face and sank back, seemingly uncomfortable, while her face blushed vivid crimson. I saw at once that my cause was a hopeless one, and held my peace. As we walked back to the house we were silent and downcast, but before entering she took both my hands in hers, and said—

"Mr. Penton, I have entertained the warmest friendship for you, and beg, on your own account as well as mine, that you will not say anything to me about the subject, which I well understand, though it has not passed your lips. In pity's sake, leave me to myself, as anything further would cause me excessive pain, and, excuse me, annoyance."

I thanked her for her unaffected caution, and promised that, in the small time in which we would be together, I should not utter one word that would cause her even a moment's unpleasantness.

So that was my dream, and to all appearances the end of it.

I could not help feeling exceedingly dejected at parting from my friends, with whom, though our acquaintance had been such a short one, it was blessed with the closest amity and kind feeling. My valise was sorrowfully packed, and we prepared, "Tommy" and I, for a last saunter together on horseback.

As the man brought her horse from the stable, her eyes quivered with sparks of excitement. The noble beast was in elegant condition, and the veins stood like whipcord against the hard mass of guarled sinew and muscle. In the enormous flanks, the close ribbed, barrel shaped chest, the tiny, dainty hoofs, the slumbering fire in its eyes, demonstrated the blooded horse, and "Tommy" took the reeking sponge from the groom's hand, and grasping it with her dainty fingers, performed the ablutions herself.

"Now, Mr. Penton"—her tiny foot rested on my hand, and in a moment she vaulted in the saddle. I mounted, and then we were off. I treasured every moment, as it was, it seemed to me, an adieu, a parting from one with whom I would have gladly linked my life and fate. But when time is precious the golden moments seem to fly with double rapidity.

We were going down a long, shady lane on a slow canter, when an obstacle in the shape of a large gateway rose before us. I was about dismounting to unfasten it, when Miss Race, protesting and backing her nag, set at a lively tilt for the obstruction. Just a fraction of a second her nag paused, and bounded like a shot over the gate. God knows how it happened, but as it touched the ground the steed staggered forward and fell. I could plainly see that Miss Race had fallen beneath him, and I was down in an instant and brought her nag to his feet. As she lay for a moment, I could see the effort she made to suppress her pain, and with Spartan heroism she insisted on remounting and riding home.

Next day she was lying on her bed, fast approaching that end which sooner or later we must all succumb to. She had been crushed in such a way that any earthly aid would prove of small avail.

Of course, under the circumstances, my departure would have been uncourtly and out of place. So, making my excuses, I determined to remain with the dying girl until the end.

It was not long coming. She faded away without pain, and the sweetness of disposition shining brightly to the last. At one moment she seized both my hands in her's and pressed them to her lips.

And when she was failing at the last, there was another by her side. Mr. Tyte, who had caused such uneasiness to my heart, was with her, and it was his lips that gave her the last kiss as the pale face shimmered up through the coffin sides.

In that scene of domestic agony, there never, thank God, passed through my heart one throb of jealousy, and only when the headstone told her story, did I understand the meeting in the roadside and in the moonlight, and her evident aversion to listen to my avowal of love. Why her story was kept secret was only known to her people, a probable aversion to the name, was the only definition I could make to it. Her inscription ran thus:—

Sacred to the memory of
MATILDA RACE TYTE
Beautiful. She Died for Her Sister.
She was his wife, that is all.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY.—No. 1.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Sharley, dis grade big, good natured bookin man is a shooter; he is a pigeon shooter. Dot's Ed. Tinker, der man dot beat der chamblon, und he vants to bacd dot he can shoot fifty birds, von afder der oder, from a sbring drap. Dot's shoodin, ain't it? Und of he didn't shoot efery von of dem he vill lose. He is on here from Road Island—Proffidence—to made a fresh match mit Mr. Taylor. Of der match dot's made, dey vill shoot dot pigeons by Dubols Drack, und of we are alife dot dime, Sharley, you und me, ve vill go take a look in dot, I tunder vedder vill vin. I guess der feller dot shoots der manyest pigeons. Voodn'd he? Tinker, of it rains dot day, take mit you dot umberella dot's eighty yards boundary. I mean dot von dot's vide across mit der spokes oud of it.

You see dis feller mit crimson hair? Dot's Archy Hughes, from cross der river, und he is a nice feller, doo. He is tkavin mit Hooley by Prooklyn now, und dem Prooklyn peebles say dot he "iggers der game back." I don't exckeckly know vat dey mean by dot, bud I subbose id's all ride. Archy is a Drojan, und as dot "Rip Tearin' John" I don'd subbose he has got a equal; he is awful shmart. Der last dime I looked at him do someding vas der tay ven ve vas by Nelse Seymour's benefit—und dot vas a benefit, too. I had der benefit of gittin shquoze in bedween Sam Spencer und der side of der house, und I dought so I vas in dot ve vas by der fine parts, sherries and other chicken wines, which formed a prominent feature in the maintainance of a household with commercial magnates. The second order of mercantile dealers in more constant communication with their patrons, ordinarily exhibited their hospitality at a coffee house, which now-a-days we would style a restaurant, upon a good and substantial meal and a glass or so of beer, while the poorer grades of traders and venders found at the taverns, now passed out of existence, an appropriate method for conciliating customers from a distance over hot joints and warm drinks. At that period of comparatively limited dealing with strangers, anterior to the invention of "drummers" and high salaried salesmen, the merchant and the country trader bore an unbroken and intimate relation, very like the Southern planter in town, was regarded by the city dealer as a provisional guest, entitled to his personal and hospitable attentions.

The most famous beershop of its day was known as "Old Reynolds'," located in Thames street, at the rear of the City Hotel, which, despite the rudeness and eccentricities of its proprietor, was a noted resort for all classes doing business in that vicinity, particularly about the hour of noon, at which period of the day a total suspension of business of every kind occurred, in order to admit all employed to partake of the mid-day meal. Then was Reynolds in the blaze of glory, as the few round tables which, without cloth or other covering, save a coating of polished wax, adorned the public room, near the centre of which was located a bar, garnished with rows of pewter mugs suspended upon tenpenny nails, were thickly crowded by a host of clamorous visitors, vociferously demanding the specialties in viands he condescended to place before them, in such order and at such times as pleased his sovereign will, for Reynolds ruled supreme over his domain. No matter how rich or influential the visitor was who dined, smoked, or beguiled the time in any other could this popular hostelry be considered, with its antique chairs, mildewed pictures and cobwebbed ceiling, if he chanced to cross the humor of its crabbed proprietor, an inevitable delay in service would be certain to indicate the presence of a threatened storm, destined to fall in a torrent of vituperation upon the head of the first guest unfortunate enough to otherwise, to aggravate the crusty gentleman's distemper. Reynolds, being a person of rude mirth and of violent anger, one of the attractions to his house was the amusement created through ebullitions of his wrath, to which he was frequently provoked by those accustomed to his ways, in order to afford a general merriment at the eccentric manner of his railery and abuse. However distasteful such a mode of entertainment is to us, in fact, many of his patrons voluntarily invited his indignation, in order that it might turn upon some inoffensive stranger, horrified, if not alarmed, at becoming the victim of the publican's insensate and ridiculous anathemas. In the evening, however, "Old Tom's" boasted presence of a select coterie of staid and methodical customers, who, relieved of the cares of the day, smoked and quaffed without regard to the danger of mine host or other sublunary evils, until having swallowed a regular number of potations, measured by given lapse of time, they deserted the chamber to reappear most punctually upon the following night. These quiet and steady drinkers, men of property in the neighborhood, constituted the true source of the beer house's greatness.

The prosperity of Reynolds, despite the unbearable exterior of his two-story, yellow painted frame hostelry, and its equally uninviting and dreary interior, doubtless suggested the creation of a rival establishment upon broader principles of prosperity and of cleanliness. To the enterprise of Mr. James Evans, familiarly addressed as "Jim," our metropolis is indebted for the introduction of that style of public houses popularly designated as "shades," which have since his advent extended into many other towns and cities of this city and its environs. Unlike Reynolds, his new rival, whilom a waiter in some London chop house, possessed every qualification for a publican, in which the "old original" was wofully deficient, and hence, notwithstanding the utter impossibility of driving the "old dogs," as the sedate *habitues* persisted in styling themselves, from their kennel, Evans rather sagely concluded that while oyster sauce was an attractive addition to a porter house steak, cobwebs and indecorum might be eschewed as a relish, in the place of which he proposed to substitute table cloths and reduced prices. "The Shades," in Thames street, thereupon opened, to the astonishment of down town beer drinkers, with cloths upon the tables, in a cosy, parlor-looking chamber, the walls garnished with sporting prints, familiar to the English eye, and the furniture carefully cleaned and dusted. These immense innovations were speedily followed by others, in derogation of pre-existing notions as to habit and comfort, among them the introduction of poached eggs and of Welch rarebits of a peculiar consistency, duly served up by masculine waiters, a species of imitation in person of the energetic proprietor, who glided about the room noiselessly, and ejaculated—"Yeth, sir," in a species of melancholic cadence. As for Evans himself, he deserted the bar to the custody of a fair matron, portly and genial to behold, who smiled when she took change, the very realization of those comely Britannic bar-maids we were accustomed to see in the plates of Hogarth and of other English engravers, but theretofore invisible to the naked eye in American temples to Bacchus, while the master of the Shades, with a white napkin tucked incessantly beneath his arm, danced attendance upon his patrons, like Figaro—here, there, everywhere.

With the merchants the theory of the "Shades" was regarded in a most favorable light, while the practice of its possessor was voted to be irreproachable. Its retired location ensured a safe escape for the trader from the espionage of envious competitors; the cosiness of its dining room allured thither those, liable to a contact with chance customers, should they slip into the Tontine, Clark and Brown's, or other commercial coffee houses; the economy of its charges contrasted amazingly against the tariff imposed upon the mercantile world by Delmonico, Downing, and other caterers to a commercial palate; while to the habitual beer drinker and the patriotic Old Country man the entire aspect of the establishment conjured up visions of the "Spotted Dog," "Dr. Johnson's Head," and other famous coffee rooms of the great metropolis, wherein old October was dissipated amid the fogs of successive Novembers. Jim Evans succeeded in his experiments, and founded a seemingly local institution, whereupon he grew both fat and rich, lazy and independent; so he after a time dropped his napkin and relinquished business in that locality, selling out his speculation in order to go forth and propagate others of its species in somewhat similarly sequestered corners, adjacent to the business thoroughfare—genial smuggeries, wherein trade-afflicted citizens might, in serene obscurity, bury their faces and their cares beneath the eclipse of an uplifted tankard.

Another popular proprietor of the Shades—a quiet, complacent gentleman, looking for all the world like a renegade Quaker, so mild his speech and so persuasive his manner, was Charley Cox, originally a fashionable tailor, driving trade beneath the sign of the Golden Fleece, hanging over a store door in Wall street, who, at this date, albeit there are thousands of golden fleeces and myriads of golden fleecers to be found in that street of Mammon, could imagine an operative tailor brazen enough to plant himself in the heart of the Kingdom of Midas? Yet twenty-five years ago no fashionable draper or garment maker would venture to jeopardize his reputation or business prospects by advancing higher than the Astor, while his thriving compeers held court in Pine, Cedar, Courtlandt, John or Fulton streets, to each and all of which the bucks of the town wended their way in search of Chesterfieldian costumery. Whether the atmosphere of Wall street disagreed with the constitution of tailoring upon a fashionable basis, or not, is a question for political economists to decide, yet it is a fixed fact that no sooner had the heretofore sought after Cox set up his Golden Fleece among the golden calves of the street than his former patrons commenced forsaking him; shortly after this preliminary distress a monetary panic seized upon the occupants of his neighborhood, during which bulls and bears were prostrated to rearise in phœnix splendor, while the owner of the Golden Fleece went up as the tail of some kites never to descend to the level of that region again. Gathering the remnants of his prior popularity, the speculative Cox resolved to sacrifice the implements of his former trade and to commence life anew; consequently, as he had previously covered the outside of man, relying upon principle of goose and cabbage, he determined upon coating their interiors for the future, and therefore reappeared a live publican amid the well known figures peopling the outskirts of the Shades. Possibly he may have financially experienced the benefits of a life anew, but, by degrees, the novelty of Evans' experiment died away, for, shortly after Cox's accession, the "Shades" passed into a mere name, to be applied with various prefixes to other establishments of the latitude in character, more eligibly situated to catch the tide of fashion.

John Erford, for a time a thriving proprietor of the Thames Street Shades, possessing a keen eye for business, created for himself a public house on the same principle, designed to cater to the wants of the literary magnates of Ann street and of the leather dressing community of the Swamp. Ann street of the period of John's advent in that quarter, was emphatically the Paternoster Row of the New World, as few newspapers and fewer books emanated from other vicinities than that surrounding this narrow and inconvenient thoroughfare. Publishers, printers, editors and authors soon congregated within Erford's hall, leaving the Second Ward Hotel, once famous in the annals of the trotting turf and the chronicles of democratic campaigns, to die of congenital spleen and dyspepsia, the latter, consequented to tripe revels and typographic jokes, to succumb through lack of continued patronage, and the Shakespeare, for years maintained by the anecdotal Stoneall as a species of wit's end, or exchange for Grub street journalists, to the mercy of an unappreciative horde, the better to enjoy the promised temptations of an obscure paradise.

The genius which gave so liberally bestowed upon the Ann Street Shades by the denizens of that literary centre, was subsequently transferred to a rival institution in Beekman street, created within the bosom of a spacious mansion, originally the residence of a wealthy proprietor and erected at a period when that street was regarded as a suburban boundary. Beekman street was, for years, celebrated through having been solicited as a locality for the domiciles of our legislative functionaries, and upon a single hand within memory of this generation, could be found no less than three houses decorated with the municipal order of the double lamp posts, or in other words, residence of occupants of the mayoralty before whose doors the generosity of the city had erected a couple of illuminating lamps. Neither were those men in thus wise honored tenants of small houses, for the building of the well known Stephen Allen, unfortunately lost during the burning of the steamer Henry Clay; of Walter Bonne, a shining legal luminary, and of Caleb S. Woodhull, descendant of the revolutionary general, whose monument overlooks the scene of his death near the cemetery of Cypress Hills. The mansion from which the "Rainbow" diffused its variegated lights was at the end of a species of blind alley called the Inns of Court, through having on either side a series of law offices, but vulgarly designated the "spiders' den," from a peculiarity of that locality, once entertaining one of these legal pigeon holes, served as nutriment for its proprietor during the remainder of his temporal existence. The "Rainbow" was extensively patronized by the gentlemen of the press, from its earliest incepiton, through having been started by a gentleman named Dillon, one of the founders of the *Sunday Times*, and a warm friend of its original editor, the humorous eccentric John M. Moore, with whom Dillon had been connected in the publication of a daily called the *Morning Chronicle*. The main feature of the "Rainbow" was a venerable old gentleman, portly, gray haired, and excessively polite, who was simply known to an infinity of admirers as "the Major," it having been intimated that he had previously held a commission in the militia rank in the Burgoyne army. The Major, who appeared to be devoid of relatives, ever remained a personal mystery as to origin, although popular and respected by all classes of visitors at the many public houses at which it was his eccentricity to officiate apparently in rotation. Deserting the "Rainbow" after Dillon had migrated to a more inviting locality in Howard street, wherein he established the "Pheasant," in opposition to Bob Sinclair's "Woodcock" in Houston street, the Major reappeared in the service of Chapman in Hudson street, at whose house he died suddenly towards the close of an evening's toil, literally departing from this world with the harness on his back. The place of "Chapman's" will be well remembered as the resort of the actors attached to the National and Richmond Hill theatres, although the quality of the proprietor's table was not served as assistant to Windust when that theatrical caterer maintained temporary state at the corner of Broadway and Leonard street, afterwards the site of Gosling's famous restaurant.

A species of shades, devoted to the use of the better class of sporting men, and of those addicted to the rod and gun especially, was inaugurated by Bob Sinclair, himself, despite his life and seeming inactivity, a gunner of no inconsiderable merit, and entitled the "Woodcock," as expressive of its particular speciality. This neat establishment in Houston street, a few doors from Broadway, proved eminently successful in gathering together a congregation of gentlemen famous for participating in field sports, and of ordinary visitors anxious to glean intelligence upon an exciting topic of the turf and other pastimes. Subsequently the "Woodcock," upon Sinclair's removal to the rear of Astor place, became somewhat of a theatrical headquarters, while under the management of a Mr. Rockett, for many years the money teller at the box offices of the Old National and of the Olympic.

MR. T. W. ROBERTSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY W. E. M'CANN.

Mr. T. W. Robertson is to-day the leading writer of comedy in the English language. By some he is called "Our Second Douglas Jerrold," by reason of the very great likeness his dialogue bears to that of the great wit. Mr. T. W. Robertson has rather the advantage, I think, because Jerrold was obliged to go about and pick up the language of his plays from among the common people in real life, whom they represented on the stage, while Mr. T. W. Robertson gets nearly all his from Germany. He doesn't mention the fact on his bills, but the Dutchmen don't know the difference. Mr. T. W. Robertson's first play was a comedy called, "While there is a Strong Will there's sure to be a Way, More or Less Difficult," which he has recently reproduced under the title of "Loo." There is a special art in this latter title, since the work is the adventures of a woman named Louisa, and contains much about the celebrated game of Loo. So there's a sort of a pun. The comedy did not go well on its first performance, principally because it was said to be wanting in action. On its late representation its former history was prettily shadowed forth in the titles of the acts, as follows:—Act. I, Lucubration. Act II, Sensation. Act III, Indignation. Act IV, Damnation. Act V, Evaporation. I append a really choice specimen of the dialogue:—

SCENE—*A little room, plainly furnished.* TOM CLATHERS, *a Guardsman, and* FANNY BOLTON, *a chambermaid.*

TOM—(*yawning*). But then, if I love you?
FANNY—Eh?
TOM—Man can't marry his grandm'ther, y'know.
FANNY—So you wish—
TOM—Cut that! I marry you!
FANNY—Well!
TOM—Ya-as, ya-as! Troo-oo! (*Yawns lightly*).
FANNY—I wish you had said so sooner. Because—
TOM—Cut that!
FANNY—I hadn't, then, loved the bricklayer—the gent of archi—(*Tacet*).
TOM—Ya-as, of architectooral tastes, eh?
FANNY—Well!
TOM—Because he's a brick—a brick-layer, you know. You shouldn't cut him.
FANNY—I don't. (*Yawns, and snatches it with point lace handkerchief*).
TOM—Well!
FANNY—I love you.
TOM—Eh? (*Business of yawning*).
FANNY—If your mother don't object.
TOM—You're a trump! (*Sub yawn*).
&c. &c. &c.

The matter, you see, is very sparkling, and has the true comedy glitter. This is necessary, because the characters all through have nothing to do but talk, and the audience might get tired of listening. Be sure and see every new play by Tom Robertson.

THE ALASKA FUR TRADE.—In the years 1866 and 1867 the Russian Fur Company obtained from the different points within their field of operations 137,943 fur seals, 10,305 foxes, 18,476 beavers, 1,970 muskrats, 3,906 sea otters, 2,765 land otters, 6,738 martins, 558 lynx and 296 bears—the skins and oil of all estimated at $1,400,000. The San Francisco Committee of Commerce reports that the fur trade is the only present wealth of the country and should be carefully guarded. Firearms should be prohibited in killing seals. The females, and seals under one year, should not be killed.

A NOVELTY.—A person was boasting that he had never spoken the truth. "Then," added another, "you have now done it for the first time."

THE COACHMAN'S CHILD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"O, mother, the night is dark and wild,
And the wind is high," sobbed the coachman's child;
"The rain that falls is exceedingly wet,
And father—dear father—he comes not yet!"

"My child, your father's eye-teeth, no doubt,
Are cut, and he knows what he's about;
I'm aware that it rains, and the wind is high,
But he'll make his appearance by and by.

On nights like these men do not walk,
So dry up your tears and stop your talk;
Your father has, doubtless, an Extra Fare,
And he'll soon come home like a hungry bear!"

OBADIAH JENKINS;

His Return Home from his Maiden Visit to New York City. Obadiah Discovered in his Bedroom at Bunkum Farm.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Yes, I've been *sold*, basely, ignominiously *sold*, *sold* in my first visit to New York, and what makes matters worse, I'm not yet *healed*. Although I do live in the country, I have a *heart*, and I know when I'm wronged as well as any other man. City people possess the *art* of swindling to perfection, and their *heartless* aptitude in the *profession* has elicited many a *heart-rending confession* from their numerous victims. In such cases the general verdict of the public too often *reflects* on what is termed the verdancy of the sufferer, while the great *defects* in social morality are too frequently overlooked. This pity for the green *effects* very little towards removing the evil. It should be *systematically* overhauled, and the robbers and traders in this *system* of *fraud* should be hunted out and *exposed*, and so *defrauded* of all further power to *impose* on the unwary. I should just like to *meet* the fellow now that took me in that *basement* on Broadway. It would be a *mete* punishment for the *base* rascal to come across him at the present time, and would give me supreme satisfaction. (Here the worthy Obadiah picked up a boot-jack, and assumed an attitude of great defiance.) I bet he would know me again; anyhow, I'd take good care he *should* know me, and it should be the most impressive bit of knowledge his darned head ever received. I'd let him know that a greenhorn can sometimes *administer* a lesson of very feeling *import*, and if he did not quickly find "ways and means" to *export* himself from such a warm and active *administration*, it would be a wonder. His plated ware and box of yellow envelopes would avail very little out here. He'd find himself a perpetual *blank*, despite his glib tongue and fine-cut, and would see with a *fee* in his ear, and with *blank* astonishment as a reward for his *visit*.

I might have had a lot more fun during my short *visit* if these city plunderers had left me to go it alone. But the *officious* guardians of the surplus funds of the *public* are too proficient in their *vicious* practice on the credulity of *private* individuals. I think, however, I've done pretty well, and next time there'll be no fooling this chief, I bet. They won't try that game on Obadiah Jenkins again—not if he knows it. How dull and *tame* the country seems, after a few days' spree in the city. By the by, what a glorious pantomime "Humpty Dumpty" is? It nearly sent me *wild*. Talk about laughing—why, it was nearly three days and nights before I could stop grinning, and then *cousin* Joe *cozened* me into looking serious, and put a thick coating of warm wax all over my face to keep the features set, as he said I was in great danger of contracting a perpetual grin. No wonder the people in New York all looked so merry. The comicalities of "Humpty Dumpty" are enough to make a saint break faith with gravity; and if, as they say, laughing is infectious, I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear of the whole population of New York breaking out in one simultaneous, unanimous burst. I should dearly like to see it again, but then, as Joe said, it might *distort* my features, and when I began to excuse myself he *retorted* by saying "a face that always wears a grin is never be o ning." Joe's a smart sort of fellow. Living in the city and constantly rubbing up against all sorts of people must tend to waken a chap up, and keep him awake, too. He opened my eyes to a wrinkle or two, which I'll remember next time I get an introduction to those fashionable silver gilt gentry who call a basement a palace of splendor.

Dear me, what a lot of sights I seem to have witnessed in a few days; I can't remember half the sights I've seen. I shan't, however, forget that day on the ice in the Central Park when I got Joe's skates on. "What a falling off was there," as somebody says—the ghost, I think, in Mr. Hamlet's play—but then a ghost isn't supposed to be any one. However, there was a great "falling off" skates, and the evil effects still remain with me. Joe said the marks stood out in red and blue relief, and that I ought to be thankful that it was only the least vulnerable part of my body that was so artistically decorated with the colors of the rainbow. I can't see myself, but I know they cannot be very nice, for they are mighty sore. My legs were as stiff as hedge stakes the next day, and no wonder, for they seemed determined to part company forever on that blessed ice, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if my extraordinary manœuvres earned for me the reputation of an experienced professional contortionist. The ladies were admirably protected—what with Grecian benders, and things that Joe called panniers, they were proof against any impertinence, and they had nothing to fear in their attachment, which a great many appeared to have, for a cool seat. They fell about in all directions, and I should think old Dr. Johnson must have been watching a similar display when he defined "higledy pigledy" to be a conglomerated mass of heterogeneous matter. I rather liked the dresses of some of the lovely creatures; they looked real nice as far as one could see, though that ain't saying much for them, as Joe remarked.

Tammany's a first rate place to go to—lots of fun there. Joe said I went half mad, and made a bigger fool of myself than he thought I was. But then Joe liked to call me a fool, though I don't think he meant it, for he would hardly be guilty of voluntarily telling a lie. He was a little sarcastic, as somebody says—at least he liked to be thought so, and so I didn't much mind what he said.

Well, I suppose I must go to bed now, and to-morrow I shall have to go round the farm with Ben. What a stupid fellow he seems by the side of Joe. I wonder if all country men are stupid. By the by, I must write to Liddy to-morrow, and tell her all the great wonders I've seen in New York, though I won't tell her I got sold, nor will it do to say anything about her namesake I saw at Niblo's Theatre. She's awfully jealous, is Liddy, and I should be afraid to tell her I'd seen any one else that I thought beautiful. There's no disguising the fact, however, that Miss Thompson is the very essence of concentrated beauty. I never felt so impressed before with any lady. It was dangerous to indulge in a prolonged gaze on such a galaxy of loveliness—it made me feel dissatisfied with everything and everybody. And then, such singing and dancing—it was truly marvelous. I don't know how I felt, or what I thought, but I know Joe laughed at me immensely the whole time. And when I confessed to him that if Miss T. offered to kiss me, I couldn't refuse, no how (spite of my allowed bashfulness in such matters), no, not even if my own Liddy were standing by, he called me something that didn't sound at all complimentary, and told me not to speak so loud. So I didn't say anything more just then, especially as the people

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

MARRIAGE.

BY E. C. STEDMAN.

I hold the perfect mating of two souls,
Through wedded love, to be the sum of bliss.
When Earth, this fruit that ripens as it rolls
In sunlight, grows more prime, lives will not miss
Their counterparts, and each shall find its own;
But now with what blind chance the lots are thrown!

Yet bonds of gold, linked hands, and chancel vows,
Even spousal beds, do not a marriage make.
When such things chain the soul that never knows
Love's mating, little vantage shall it take,
Wandering with alien feet throughout the wide,
Hushed temple, over those who pine outside!

A YOUNG WOMAN KILLS HER LOVER.

The quiet village of Jarrettsville, Harford county, was thrown into a state of the utmost excitement and confusion by a tragedy which occurred in its bounds on Saturday evening last, about six o'clock. Nicholas McComas, a young man living about two miles from the village, was shot and almost instantly killed by Miss Martha J. Cairns, who resides the same distance from Jarrettsville, but in a different direction from it than the house of McComas. The accounts given of the melancholy affair render it certain that McComas seduced Miss Cairns over a year ago, under promise of marriage, and in January last a child was born, which is living at the present time. Miss Cairns frequently importuned McComas to fulfil his promise of marrying her, but by equivocations and excuses he evaded her requests, until she felt toward him no other feeling than utter hatred and determination to avenge her injuries. On Saturday evening he had ridden into Jarrettsville for the purpose of attending a meeting of a militia company, of which he was a member, and at the time of the murder was in the yard at the rear of the tavern. Miss Cairns followed him to Jarrettsville, and, on arriving at the tavern, dismounted from her horse, fastened him securely, and, passing into the ladies' apartment, removed her riding skirt, her hat and other encumbrances that might retard her movements. Leaving the ladies' apartment with a Colt's revolver in her hand, she walked directly through the bar-room, which was full of men, and stepped out upon a back porch, which overlooked the yard where McComas was. Standing in the doorway opening from the bar on the porch, she took deliberate aim with her pistol at McComas and fired, he being scarcely ten paces distant from her. The bullet struck him in the breast, and as he reeled wildly towards the pillars which held up the porch, she fired two more shots, neither of which took effect. He clasped the pillars of the porch, and endeavored to sustain himself by them, but weak as he was from the rapid flow of blood from the wound, his strength failed him and he fell to the ground. She walked directly up to him, and, standing over him, fired the two last shots from her revolver into his body, one lodging in his right leg, and the other in the groin. Still carrying her revolver in her hand, she passed back through the crowd of men, who, as if stricken senseless by the awful scene being enacted before their eyes, did not move a finger to bar her passage. Along the porch, through the bar-room, and back to the ladies' apartment she walked, without showing a trace of emotion or a qualm of remorseless. In the dressing room she resumed her riding habit, and again mounting her horse, she galloped back towards her home, and had gone a considerable distance from the village before any one thought of following her. Mr. Jarrett rode after her, and, joining her about a mile from Jarrettsville, she asked him if McComas was dead. He replied yes, when she said, "I told him what I was going to do." She exhibited no signs of regret, and was apparently as composed as if she had just performed the most ordinary action. On Sunday she rode to Belair and gave herself up to the authorities. Miss Cairns is about thirty, and McComas was thirty-seven years of age. Both the parties belonged to highly respectable families, and held a foremost position in the social life of the county. The feeling of excitement in regard to this act of summary retribution runs very high in the neighborhood, but public opinion is generally on the side of Miss Cairns. McComas is supposed to have been killed by the first shot which struck him, and the last two shots were probably fired into his dead body. Some time since Miss Cairns brought suit against McComas for breach of promise and seduction, but the case has not yet come to trial.—*Baltimore American, April 12.*

KILLED BY HER LOVER.

A DOUBLE FATAL DUEL.

The steamer [illegible] which passed up from New Orleans [illegible] Grand Gulf the particulars of a [illegible]ssion that appear more like romance [illegible] country at some distance from Grand Gulf [illegible] families, those of Cushing and [illegible] lovely girl of seventeen, well [illegible] nating manners. Mr. [illegible]'s son had been attached to her [illegible] as he grew older his affection [illegible] ing passion. A short time ago [illegible] his hand, when, to his intense disap[illegible]fication, his offer was firmly though [illegible] He brooded over his ill rewarded [illegible] came a prey to jealousy, and at length [illegible] borhood, vowing madly that he would come back and take his revenge. On Sunday last he returned, and riding up to Mr. Andrews' house, he begged to see Miss Andrews at the door, without alighting. She came out, when he suddenly produced a pistol, fired, shooting her through the body, and she fell on her face, and died without a struggle. The infatuated murderer rode frantically away, but Miss Andrews' brother, breathing fury toward the murderer of his sister, sprang on a horse and followed. He came up with Cushing as the latter was crossing a creek, and fired at him. Cushing jumped from his horse and took shelter in the bush. Andrews, not to be at a disadvantage, did the same. A parley ensued, and the two young men agreed to fight according to the code; to leave the cover, fire, advance and fire, and again advance, firing until one of them should fall. At the first fire Cushing received a mortal wound in the left shoulder, but the men continued to near each other and fire, until their revolvers were empty. When assistance arrived, Cushing lay dead with four bullets in his body. Andrews had received three shots in his breast. He was able to tell how the fight had taken place, when he also expired.—*Memphis Avalanche, April 8th.*

A ROMANCE OF TRUE LOVE.

UNITED IN DEATH.

The death of a Miss Jackson, of St. John, on Thursday, the 8th inst., was followed by that of Mr. W. L. Hudgens the Saturday following. The former peacefully breathed her last after a long and painful illness; the latter in a paroxysm of grief burst a blood vessel, and died almost instantly. The deceased were betrothed, and the consummation of their dreams of love had been deferred from time to time, until, finally, Miss Jackson was prostrated by sickness. Unwilling, even then to be debarred her presence, Mr. H. was admitted to the sick room, where none were more attentive to the every want of the sufferer than himself, so far as the delicacy of his position would permit. A sister of Miss Jackson was, for days and nights, the sharer of his watchfulness. Her more feeble nature, however, sank under the burden of fatigue and sleepless apprehension, which she vainly struggled to sustain, and at last Mr. Hudgens was left alone, with barely the assistance of a servant. The object of his solicitude and devotion, day by day, became more feeble. He scarcely left her bedside. Sleep became a stranger to his eyes, and even food was put away by him. But even such devotion could not turn back the pending hand of death, and finally the eyes of the sufferer closed forever upon the tearful face ever above her, and her hand grew cold and rigid in death, while yet in the warm clasp of his to whom it was so shortly to be given in life and love. This was on Thursday. On Friday the remains of Miss Jackson were followed to the grave. He who had been ever present at her bed was by her bier. On his heart went down the pressure of the sleepless night, the day following the burial, the fatigue to which Mr. Hudgens had subjected himself began to overcome him. He sank prostrated upon his bed, and giving way to the poignancy of his feelings, burst a blood vessel, and in less than five minutes his heart had ceased to suffer, for it was cold forever. The next day he, too, was followed to the tomb and placed by the side of his betrothed.

RESCUED FROM PROSTITUTION.

Rebecca Swartz and John Leidug went before Justice Dowling, at the Tombs Police Court, in this city, on the 15th inst., desiring to have the nuptial knot tied between them. Rebecca was young and graceful, with an affluence of blonde tresses and beautiful blue eyes. John was a rather ordinary looking fellow, but evidently has good taste. Justice Dowling asked them a few words about their previous history, when the following brief but interesting story was developed: About three years ago these youthful aspirants of Hymen lived and loved together in a small but picturesque town in Germany, beside the Romantic Rhine. But John was not rich in this world's goods, and he resolved to seek his fortune in America, and, if the fickle goddess smiled upon him, promised to send for Rebecca, and make her his own. Soon after the ambitious lover sailed for New York. Two years elapsed, but Rebecca never got a line from beyond the wide Western Ocean, and, thinking her lover false, gave up hope from her. No matter what she thought in the meantime, every young and loving maiden knows how she must have felt. Despairing at last to hear from Leidug, and fearing he may have died or proved faithless, and married some one else, she scraped together enough of money to pay her passage, and followed him out. She landed here about three months since, and making inquiry about her old sweetheart, was informed that she had a rival in the field who was shortly to become the favored bride. This news overcame Rebecca like a summer cloud, and in a moment of desperation she determined to cast herself away and entered a house of prostitution at No. 165 Greenwich street. John speedily learned what she had done, and nobly resolved to rescue her from a career of shame and consummate the vows of marriage he made beneath the whispering leaves of his own loved Vaterland. He went, saw and carried away Rebecca to the Tombs Police Court, where Justice Dowling tied them together and sent them on their future way rejoicing.

ELOPEMENT.

A DEACON RUNS OFF WITH HIS NIECE.

A few days since Deacon McNeil, of Argyle, left his home, wife and child, with the understanding that he was going to Fort Edward with a neighbor. Indeed, he started in company with a companion, but the two had proceeded on their way only a short distance when they overtook a Miss Mahaffy, also a neighbor and niece of McNeil, who, upon being questioned as to her destination, replied that she also was going to Fort Edward. As she was carrying a somewhat heavy satchel, and the neighbor with whom McNeil was riding suspecting nothing, he invited her to ride. She accepted the invitation, and the trio proceeded on their way. Upon arriving at Fort Edward the parties separated, but by this time McNeil's friend began to suspect that all was not right, and, keeping an eye on the pair, he was not a little astonished at seeing them proceed to the depot and take the cars, since which time nothing has been heard of them. McNeil, who had been married about eight years, leaves a loving wife and one child, and Miss Mahaffy, who is about twenty-two years of age, is of a respectable family. McNeil left a letter directed to one of his neighbors, requesting him to sell his farm, which was heavily mortgaged, and, after paying the encumbrance upon it, to give the balance to the wife he had so unceremoniously deserted.—*Troy Times, April 10th.*

ORIGIN OF THE BEND.—The origin of the "Grecian Bend" has been discovered at last. A letter from Japan says:—"Despite its classic name, the fashion is decidedly Japanese, as Fipbon 'Mumma,' or young ladies, have worn a similar dress for the last four centuries. Some enterprising *modiste*, at the late international exhibition at Paris, caught the idea from one of the Japanese belles there present, and adopted it. The Japanese lady has cultivated a proper spiral curve by carrying on her back in youth her baby brother or sister. As she grew up, her clumsy sandals gave a bend to the knees and a finishing grace to the arch of the back. She now dons the 'Kirimona,' a long gown reaching to the feet, and swathes the 'obi,' or broad silk girdle, several times about her waist, fastening it in a large bunch behind. Slipping on her sandals, and taking her little umbrella in her hand, she shuffles into the street, and as she passes your window you catch a glimpse of the 'Grecian Bend' in perfection."

ILLEGITIMACY IN SCOTLAND.—The annual report of the Registrar General on the births, deaths, and marriages registered in Scotland during 1868, shows that of 115,673 births 11,366, or 9-7 per cent. of the whole number, were illegitimate. As usual the proportion of illegitimate births was greatest in the rural districts, averaging 10-3 per cent., while in the towns it was 9-3. The people in the north-eastern division seem to have been the greatest offenders against the moral law, the proportion of illegitimate births there having averaged 15-2 per cent. At Wigtown it reached 16-4, and at Banff 17-1; but Kirkcudbright has achieved the highest distinction in this respect, the figures being 17-3. The north-western and northern divisions make a less discreditable appearance, the returns being respectively 6-1 and 6-3 per cent. Of the children born during the year, the proportion of the sexes was 105-4 boys to 100 girls.

A DOLOROUS DEFICIT IN DOLLARS.—A young Newark lass named Jetta Marix, while waiting for a Chicago train on the 13th inst., adjourned to an adjoining saloon to get some refreshments. While there she fell into conversation with a young man, accepted a love proposal made by him, and became so interested that she missed the train. She changed the ticket for $20, and next went with her lover ostensibly to get married. He carried her to a hotel in Market street, and entered on the register A. Fisher and wife. The girl, however, refused to occupy the same room with him, remained in the hotel during the night, and found in the morning that her lover had decamped with all her money.

INDECENCY TO BE PUNISHED.—The Senate of Michigan has passed a bill providing that if any person shall hereafter wilfully insult, or wilfully and indecently annoy any female, by any obscene or indecent word or words, act or acts, such person shall be considered guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months, or by a fine not exceeding $100.

A FEMALE BRIDLEGROOM.—A servant girl, about twenty-one years, was recently tried at the Maidstone, England, Assizes, found guilty and imprisoned a week, who for some reason or other had taken to wearing men's clothes, in which she had been in service as a groom. While in that state of life she bore a good character, and upon some sudden freak or temptation committed a trifling offence, to which she pleaded guilty.

A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE was argued at Lebanon, N. Y., last week, when it was alleged that the defendant wanted to marry his deceased wife's sister in unseemly haste. One of the counsel said:—"The cold baked potatoes of the funeral were fried for the marriage feast." And the man who thus improved upon Hamlet got a verdict of $1,800 for his client.

A PRISONER'S TOILET.—The desire to appear attractive has gone into prison with Henrietta Robinson, the veiled murderess, in the Sing Sing Penitentiary. Her face is dressed with a cosmetic which gives it a clear and youthful appearance, and this cosmetic she distils from a flower and root which grows in the prison yard.

MARSHAL VALIANT'S WIFE, recently deceased, shaved daily for many years, for she had a thicker beard than most men. During her last illness her beard became so bushy that the physician who visits all the dead in Paris to see that their death was natural, asked:—"What was this gentleman's position?"

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

NOBODY, Philadelphia.—We find several hitches in your game—the figures not being correct. Please revise, and send it on.

A MATCH GAME at Checkers, for $100 a side, was played at Black Buttes, Wyoming Territory, on the 30th day of March. The contestants were Geordie Young, a young Scotchman, and Ed. Orpen, the City Clerk of Cheyenne. The preliminaries announced 20 games, and the party having a majority of games at the termination of the stipulated number to receive the stakes. The trial was remarkably interesting, and was won by Mr. Orpen by the skin of his teeth. Young scored seven games to Orpen's eight, while five were drawn. Bets amounting in the aggregate to $520 were wagered on the result.

Game No. 3.—Vol. XVII.

Between Messrs. Dufort and Wyant.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Dufort.	White. Wyant.	Black. Dufort	White. Wyant.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	4..20 to 16	27 to 18
5..15 22	8 11	5..10 15	26 23
8 11		6..15 15, and wins.	23 10

[illegible] to be stronger—but loses.

Solution of Position No. 3.—Vol. XVII.

BY EDWARD.

White.	Black.	Black.	Black.
1..11 to 7	26 to 19	4..20 to 16	12 to 19
2..30 26	21 to 30	5..10 15	3 10
3..26 23	19 26	6..15 15, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 4.—Vol. XVII.

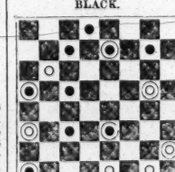
BY STRANGER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..14 to 18	11 to 4	4..21 to 25	30 to 21
2..5 9	13 6	5..10 14	19 10
3..18 23	28 19	6..14 17, and wins.	

Position No. 5.—Vol. 17.

BY A. A. POWERS.

BLACK.



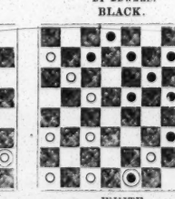
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 6. Vol. 17.

BY EDWARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CHAS. PORTER.—Brown's 16-move *modus* in "Zatri," with a Black Kt at Q 4, and without capturing Bishop, runs in this wise:—

1..Kt to K 3	6..P to K 8 (Q)	11..2d Q to K 4
2..Q-K 2	7..R-R6(ch)	12..2d Q-Kt 2
3..R-K R sq	8..R-Q R6	13..R-Q sq
4..B-Q 7	9..Kt-R 7	14..1st Q-K sq
5..Q-B 2	10..Q-R 4	15..R-R 5, and

16..Q to Q R 2, compels Q × Q, mate.

You can compare with the result of your studies. Your solution and conclusions respecting that A 1 Crux the 13th move challenge suimate are so interesting that we give them below. The author's solution is:—

1..K to B 3 +	P to K 6	8..R to Q 3 +	Kt to B 7
2..R-K 7 +	K-K 5	9..Kt-Kt 5 +	K-Q 4
3..P × B(Q) +	K × R	10..K-his 2	P-K 4
4..Kt-Kt 3 +	K-his 4	11..Kt-B sq	P-R 7 *best*
5..Q-Kt 7 +	K-Q 3	12..B-R 5	P moves
6..R × Q +	K-B 3	13..Q-Q B 3 +	compelling
7..R-B 7 +	Kt × R	13..Kt × Q, mate.	

THEO. M. BROWN.—C. P. sends us the following at once extraordinarily ingenious and ingenuous letter:—"I have now waited some two months, hoping for some explanation or correction as to the challenge suimate. I now frankly confess that I cannot solve it—unless by the following process:—

1..K to Q sq +	P to K 6	8..K Kt to B 4 +	K to Q 5
2..K × Q P +	K-K 3	9..Kt × K P +	K-Q 6
3..Q × Q(ch) +	K × R	10..Q-B 3 +	K × Kt
4..Kt-Kt 3 +	K-his 4	11..B × Kt +	Kt covers
5..2d Q-Kt 5 +	Kt-B 4	12..B-K sq	P moves
6..B-Q B 4 +	K-Q 3	13..× P, compelling	
7..Kt-K 4 +	K-Q 3	13..P-K 7, mate.	

All this with the supposition that the Black P at K R 6 was intended for a White one—or else should be placed at K R 7. As it stands, I cannot see a solution in less than 14 *coups*."

And yet further peruse what G. E. C. propoundeth for your edification. He saith on this wise:—"Another tug at C. L.'s conditional brought forth the following:—

1..Q to K 2 +		6..Q to her 5 +	10..Q to B 3 ×
2..K × P +	P to K 6	7..Q-Kt 5 +	K-Kt 4
3..Q-K 4 +	K-K 5	8..Q-R 3 +	11..Q-Kt 3 +
4..Q × R +	K-Q 3	9..P-R 8 (Q)	now proceed as follows:—
5..Q-K 4 +	K-B 3		

13..P to R 8 (R) + K × Kt | 17..Q to Q 7 + K × R
14..R-K 8 + K-B 4 | 18..Q-B 3 + B covers
15..R-K 5 + K-B 3 | 19..*Pion Coiffes* mates.
16..R B 8 + K × P | Variation.

Remove the White Rook at Kt 8 from the board, and White might mate prettily by 1.. to 13.. as before, then—

14..Q to K 3 + B × Q | 16..Q to K 4 K × R
15..P-Kt 8 (R) + K-his 2 | 17..*Pion Coiffes* mates.

Improved Stipulation.—Add a Black Kt at K Kt 7, and remove the White P from K R 6th. White is now to mate with the P on 26 moves, without capturing the Bishop." All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. F. FULLER.—Your extremely entertaining epistle shall have suitable attention next week.

MR. BLACKBURNE, by a final struggle of two days with Mr. De Vere, has won the custodianship of the great English Challenge Cup. The Rev. G. A. McDonnell has won the chief *Glowworm* prize.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XX.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM No. LVIII.

WHITE.—King at his 2; Queen at K Kt 7; Rook at K R 5; Bishop at Q R 5; Kt's at K 5, and K B 6; Pawns at Q Kt 3, and Q 5th.

BLACK.—King at Q 5; Rooks at K R sq, and Q sq; Bishops at Q R sq, and Q Kt sq; Pawns at Q R 3, Q 3, K 5, and K 6th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Compare No. 28.

WHITE.—King at his 2; Queen at K Kt 3; Rook at Q Kt 7; Bishop at Q sq; Knight at Q Kt 4; Pawn at Q 4th.

BLACK.—King at Q R 4; Bishop at Q Kt 2; Knight at Q B sq; Pawns at Q R 3, and Q 4th.

White mates in two moves.

Also No. 88.

WHITE.—King at his R 4; Queen at her R 6; Bishop at Q R 8; Knights at Q B 4, and 8; Pawns at Q Kt 3, Q 2, and K R 6th.

BLACK.—King at his B 5; Bishop at K 5; Kt's at K R 2, and 4; Pawn at K B 4th.

White mates in three moves.

Compare also Nos. 65, 85, 170, 174, 183, etc.

PROBLEM No. LIX.

As in Nos. 7 and 194, if the Black Bishop move, the White Kt may give mate on either of two squares.

PROBLEM No. LX.

WHITE.—King at Q R 4; Queen at K 8; Rook at Q B 8; Bishop at K B sq; Pawns at Q Kt 2, and K Kt 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q 5; Bishop at K R sq; Pawn at Q 4th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Imperfect. If, in Var. (A) Black plays 1..King to his 4; 2..R to K 8 +, K moves; 3..Q to her Kt 4, or K B 2, mate.

PROBLEM No. LIV.

WHITE.—King at Q R 5; Rook at K 6; Bishop at Q B 2; Kts at Q Kt 3, and K Kt 6; Pawns at Q R 4, and K Kt 6th.

BLACK.—King at Q B 5; Pawn at Q B 6th.

White mates in three moves.

Imperfect. If Black 2..K to B 5; 3..R or Kt mates.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 672.

From American Chess Nuts.

BY E. B. COOK.

at Q B sq, her 3, Q B 2, Q 6, Q R 3, K 4th.

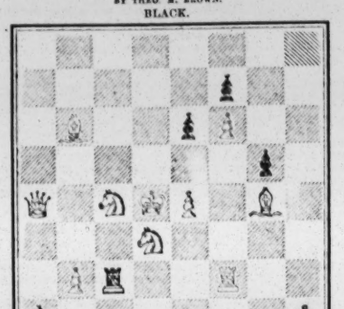
at his R 8, at K R 3, at K R 4th.

White compels suimate in seventeen moves.

Problem No. 672.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels suimate in twelve moves.

Game No. 672.

Subjoined is the Editor's game in *Dime Chess Instructor*, p. 78; but for the somewhat astonishing revelations appended we are indebted to the *Bulletin*. Miron gave the Q R to a favorite pupil.

KIESSERITZKY GAMBIT.

Attack. Miron.	Defence. Pupil.	Attack. Miron.	Defence. Pupil.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q Kt to B 3	Q to her B 5
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	17..Q Kt-Q 5	P-K Kt 6
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	18..Q × K P +	K-his B sq
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	19..K R-B 3	Q-K Kt 5
5..K Kt-K 5	P-K R 4	20..Kt-K B P	Q × Q
6..K B-B 4	K Kt-R 3	21..Kt × Q *dis* +	K-Kt sq
7..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	22..R × Kt P +	K-his B sq
8..Q B × P (a)	Q P × Kt	23..R-B 3 +	K-B 2
9..K P × P	P-K B 3	24..Q-R Q 4 +	K-home (c)
10..Q B-B 4	Q-K 2	25..R × K B	K Kt-his 5
11..Castles	Q B-K 3	26..R-B 8 +	K R × R
12..P-Q 5	Q-B 4	27..Kt-Kt 6 +	K-Q sq
13..Kt-Kt R sq	Q × K B	24..P-K 7 +	K-Q 2 (c)
14..Q P × B	Q × Kt P	29..P × R (Q)	K-B 3, and
15..B × Q B P	K B-K 2	Reichhelm, for the Attack, announces mate in seventeen moves. Had Defence played 29..P to Q R 3d, then mate in six moves; if 29..P-Q R 4, mate in thirteen; if 29..P-Q Kt 3, mate in fifteen; and if 29..P-Q Kt 4, then mate in ten moves.	

(*a*) A variation that may be ventured a-gainst a tyro.
(*b*) If 24..K to Kt sq, then mate in six moves follows.
(*c*) 28..K to B sq would allow mate in ten moves.

Gamelet played last year in Magdeburg.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAMBIT.

Herr Heir.	Herr Reitnitz.	Herr Hein.	Herr Reitnitz.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..P to K 6	B P × P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	11..K Kt-K 5	K B-Q 3
3..K B-K 5	K B-K 5	12..K-Kt 5 +	P-K Kt 3
4..Castles	K Kt × P	13..Kt × Kt P	R P × Kt *(d)*
5..P-Q 4	K B-K 2	14..Q × K R +	K-his B 2
6..Q-K 2	K Kt-Q 3	15..Q-K R 7 +	K-his B 3
7..K B × Kt	Q P × B	16..Q Kt-R 3	K Kt-his 2
8..Q P × P	K Kt-B 4	17..Q B-Kt 5 +	K × Q B
9..K R-Q sq	Q B-Q 2	18..Kt-K 4 +	K-his B 4, and

Attack announces mate in seven moves.

(*d*) He should rather have played K Kt to his 2d.

BASE BALL.

SKETCHES OF NOTED PLAYERS.—No. 5.

CENTRE FIELDER.

As centre fielder [illegible] of the Stars, undoubtedly their [illegible] is extremely ad[illegible]ing points, and is a [illegible] and long thrower. [illegible] Wishes to know his batting powers, let him ask McMahon of the Mutuals. He will vouch for him. The subject of our sketch played in 1865 with Mort. in the Resolute Club. He is a fine batsman and good general player.

Frederic W. H. Crane, of the Atlantic, is the most graceful, as well as a sure and active fielder. He joined the Atlantics from the Enterprise Club with Start and Chapman. When a ball is knocked in his neighborhood, off goes Fred's cap, and he takes the ball in so easy a manner that fails not to draw applause. His style in the field is like Joe Start's at first base—easy, graceful and sure. None can copy them, for theirs is the original style. Fred. succeeded Johnny Oliver as second base in 1863, and was reckoned as the best in his day. He retained this position four years, and in 1867 went to the field. He is a quiet, earnest worker, and one whom every one who wishes to excel should study well. As a batsman he has always ranked first class.

John Eggler, of the Mutual Club, late of the Eckford and Jefferson, of Greenpoint, is one of the most promising of those first class juniors who left the junior club last season. He has only played one season in a senior club, but averaged highly during that season. He is an active and sure fielder and a heavy batsman. He also plays first base finely.

Martin King, of the "Haymakers," ranks among the best. In his position he covers a large space; is active in fielding, and steady and quick to play points. He is their best general player, and one of the best batsman.

John Sensenderfer, of the Athletic Club, is a fine fielder and batsman. His style of catching fly balls is good, but often uncertain from carelessness. He has the bad luck of muffing badly when he does muff. We have seen him play as well as the best, and as poor as the worst. He plays centre-field much better than left.

D. Eggler, brother to John, and like him a graduate of the Jefferson club, is spoken of as John's successor. He had the reputation, while a junior, of being a first class fielder, and an excellent batsman. The Eckfords are really unfortunate in losing good players whom they have trained. Last season they lost both Swandell and Ward, and this season John Eggler; but they intend to supply their places with equals, if not superiors, to the seceders.

George Lines, of the Irvingtons, late of the Active Club, of Newark, is an excellent fielder. Last season he played left field in a very superior style; he is a young player, but one who is sure to make his mark among first class player.

McVey, of the Cincinnati Club, late of the Western and Active Clubs, of Indianapolis, is a very good general player, playing creditably in all positions. After Lex left the Actives, he became their regular pitcher. He will now fill the position we hoped Radcliffe would play; but the Cincinnatis have, by their hasty action, deprived themselves of one who ranks among the best. Hasty expelling and hasty ratifications are not commendable. No doubt Hatfield's case had something to do with their conduct.

Henry W. Kent, of the National Club, of Washington, is from Rochester. He is an excellent judge of fly balls, and an active, sure fielder. He is also a fine catcher, and can judge high fouls in true "Jewett" style. He has been connected with the National Club for a long time, and is one of their best members.

Lyman Pike may also appear in the Atlantic nine during this season. He formerly belonged to this club, and afterwards to the Athletic Club, but we think he will be found next find him in the Irvingtons, and afterwards in the Mutuals; where he played third and second base and left field. He also changes to first base and catcher. He is an excellent fielder, but a wild, heavy thrower, being of the left hand order. He is a heavy batsman, taking special delight in knocking the ball just fair over the club house at the Union Ground. Lip. is a first rate player in all respects, where throwing is not necessary.

Before leaving this subject we would refer to Mortimer Rogers, of the Lowell Club, of Boston. Mort. is from the old Resolute Club, and is the best centre fielder in New England.

RIGHT FIELD.

The right-field was at one time considered the poorest position in the nine, and one to which the substitutes were generally sent. This is still the plan, and a good one, if you have a utility man in the nine, for there are more fielders in a nine than present, and by supplying the vacant place with the utility man, and his place by the fielder substitute, you still preserve the unity. For the utility man the right field should be preserved, as this gives the best chance for substitutes. Lately the right field has become as important as either of the others, so in substituting, clubs should be sure to select a good fielder.

Daniel McDonald, of the Atlantic Club, undoubtedly bore off the palm in this position last season. He made his appearance in the Atlantic nine at the same time as Ferguson, first as a substitute and after as a regular player. During 1867 he was in the left field, and proved himself a splendid fielder. Last season he was in the right field and added fresh laurels by his fine fielding. He is sure and active in the field, working like a beaver for victory, and is an excellent judge of fly balls. He has played first base, and at times well. As a batsman he is very heavy, but not sure. It is predicted of him that he will be the heaviest batsman the Atlantics have ever had.

William McMahon, of the Mutual Club, is one of their oldest members, and one of the oldest in the fraternity. He is quite a good general player. He has the name of being a good short, and if he has, it belongs to play there this season. He was catcher in 1860, but has played lately in the field. Billy is a fair, upright, honorable man, and the last one who would take advantage of another club. He is a little too easy, however. His conduct in permitting the Irvingtons to replace H. Campbell by Stockman, when the former was injured in a fracas, came near losing the game; but his generosity secured him hosts of friends. He is a sure fielder, an excellent judge of a fly ball, and inclined to be tricky. He is as necessary to the Mutual nine as Pearce or Smith is to the Atlantics. We hope Billy will remain a member of the nine for 1869.

Dick Hunt is also spoken of as their right fielder. He has a good record in the club, leading the score for the last three seasons. He succeeded Devyr as short in 1865, and played the same till the latter's re-instatement in 1867. Dick is noted for his activity, especially in the field. He is a good batsman, and is generally full of fun.

John Foran, of the Athletic Club, formerly played in the Allegheny Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa. During the recent tour of the Athletic Club through the west they played with his old club. Foran both batted and fielded beautifully, his score being 1 out, 3 runs. The Athletics liking his play persuaded him to join them, which he did. Foran is fond of the game, and plays with most any club he can. When the Cincinnati Club made their short tour, they played the Mears Club, and on the following day the Allegheny Club. In both of these Foran played. The Athletics preferred playing him in the nine in their matches with the Atlantics, at the risk of having the games declared null (since he was not a thirty day member) than to play without him. From this we may judge what estimation they had of him. He is a good fielder and heavy batsman.

John P. McMullin, late of the Buckeye and Keystone Clubs, is rumored as the new right field of the Athletic. If this should prove true, they have made a good selection, for he is a fine general player. He can play in any position, finely, but is a superior fielder. His reputation was good, especially since the Buckeyes have not complained. His play in the centre field during 1867, when the Keystones defeated the Atlantics, was excellent. We congratulate the Athletics on their good luck.

Patsy Dockney is well known to all posted ball tossers. He had once the reputation of being the best catcher in the country. His history is interesting, especially as it shows how some love to change. He first came to notice as left field and catcher for the Gotham club, leaving this club in connection with Hatfield and Gibner, and joined the Athletics as catcher. He only remained one season (1866) in this club; during 1867 he played in the Eureka, of Newark, in the same position. Next year he emigrated to Cincinnati and joined the Buckeyes. Not long was he contented there, for by August we find him playing in the Mutual club, first as catcher, where he failed from his poor throwing to second, caused by the wound received in Cincinnati. He was then placed in the right field, but did not play up to his old fielding reputation. He had the reputation of being an excellent fielder. As a judge of fouls, he is excellent. He feels at home behind swift pitching. At the bat he is one of the best we have, being safe and heavy.

Malone, of the Eckford Club, is an excellent fielder and a good change pitcher. During 1867 he was their regular pitcher. He changes off with Martin, and is generally beneficial. He is not a heavy batsman, but generally good.

George Hall, of the Star, is one of the best fielders in the country. He played first base for the Enterprise during 1866 finely. In 1867 he joined the Excelsior, and played in the field. Last season he entered the Stars, playing both in the field and first base. George is a quiet, effective player, and an excellent batsman.

"Clipper" Flynn, of the "Haymakers," is a good fielder, and also quite a fair general player. He is a sure fly catcher, and can play finely as catcher in an emergency. He is a good batsman.

Among those who may appear in this position this season is Charley Hunt, of the Mutuals. Charley is a good fielder and a heavy batsman. His play is quieter and easier than Dicks', but not as sure. He has played well at times, and has often missed flys in important games. As a general thing, however, Charley is better than the average.

LOUISIANIANS RUNNING THE BASES.

We give below the scores of three games contested at New Orleans on the 11th inst., by which it will be perceived that the season has now commenced in downright earnest in the Creole Commonwealth:

Washington.	H.	L.	R.
Wilcox, p.	2		4
Vedrenne, 1st b.	3		5
Oberlee, 2nd b.	3		5
Everett, 3d b.	2		5
Levy, c.	1		5
C. Letten, l f.	2		3
Larose, c. f.	0		1
C. Letten, r f.	4		3
Otto, s s.	4		3
Total.	24		34

Fearless.	H.	L.	R.
Clotter, p.	1		5
Syme, c.	2		5
Burke, 1st b.	3		3
Thomann, 2nd b.	3		3
Hooper, 3d b.	5		2
Abel, s s.	4		2
Brewer, c. f.	3		1
Sier, r f.	3		3
Murry, c f.	2		4
Total.	32		

Umpire, Geo. W. Wright. Scorer, Eng. Chassaignac, Jr.

Atlantic.	R.	Southern.	R.
Foley, p.	5	Holtzman, 1st b.	5
Steel, c.	8	Kearns, l f.	6
Wright, 1st b.	6	Fuller, 2d b.	6
Belcher, 2d b.	3	Simms, r f.	6
Morton, 3d b.	3	Chandler, p.	5
Melcher, s s.	4	Huddendorf, s s.	5
Smith, l f.	4	Sampat, 3d b.	3
Houston, c f.	6	Hays, c f.	3
Johnson, r f.	7	Larkin, c.	4
Total.	46	Total.	41

Umpire—R. Scott. Scorer—E. Steel.

R. E. Lee.	R.	Southern.	R.
T. Williams, p.	2	Simms, p.	3
O'Connor, 1st b.	3	Larkin, c.	6
Bernier, 1st b.	7	Green, 1st b.	3
H. Johnson, 2d b.	7	Thibauld, 2d b.	3
A. Johnson, 3d b.	4	Crawford, 3d b.	2
J. Crosby, s s.	3	Crosby, s s.	2
P. Crosby, l f.	6	Chandler, c f.	3
Shay, c f.	6	O'Rourke, r f.	6
J. Williams, r f.	4	Kearn, l f.	2
Total.	43	Total.	31

Umpire—C. Steele.

LOUISIANA'S BATTING IN THE ARCH STATE.

The season was inaugurated at Reading, Pa., on the 10th inst., by a contest between the Pastime and Live Oak clubs, the score of which is subjoined:—

Pastime.	H.	L.	R.
Keppleman, c.	1		7
Biehl, p.	1		6
Clous, s s.	2		4
Diehl, 1st b.	1		4
Donahower, 2d b.	2		5
Parker, 3d b.	2		4
Peace, l f.	1		6
Sanders, c f.	3		3
Link, r f.	4		3
Total.	41		

| Live

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

[This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.]

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, $1; Parquet, 75c; Dress Circle,50c; Children, half price. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 25c; Gallery, 20c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

EUROPEAN CIRCUS—34th street, near Broadway—Admission, 50c.; Children under ten years, 25c.; Reserved Chairs (adults), 75c.; Reserved Chairs (children), 50c. Doors open at 1½ and 7. Commences at 2 and 7½ o'clock.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Orchestra Circle and Parquet Balcony, $1.50; Dress or Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c. General Admission, 75c. Matinee—Orchestra Chairs and Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle, 25c; General Admission, 50c; Children under 12 years of age, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Admission, 75 and 50c. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50, Reserved in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 2½ and 7, commences at 1¾ and 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street. Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet Circle and Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets. Orchestra, $1, Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street. Orchestra, 50c.; Parquet, 35c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues. General admission, 50c.; Reserved seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WAVERLY THEATRE—Broadway, near Fourth street. Orchestra, $1.50; Dress Circle, $1; Balcony, 75c.; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street. General admission, 50c. Matinee—Parquet and Dress Circle, 75c.; Orchestra and Balcony, 50c. extra; Children, 25c. Evening—Dress Circle and Parquet 75c.; Orchestra, $1.50; Balcony, $1. Open from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Harry Gurr,	G. Sartl,	Frank Robinson,
Prof Z. Hart,	Frank Kent (2)	Sam Sharpley,
Dan Gardner,	I. N. Drew	G. L. Barclay,
Fred. Marsden,	E. G. Kneeland,	J. J. Riley,
Ari Holston (2,	Hank Goodman.	McKean Buchanan,
Joe Fox,	L. E. Hicks,	Willie Budd,
L. W. Holt (3),	Adolph Gonzales	Eddie Lincoln,
Joseph Garraiagui,	J. C. Heybourne,	George Brown,
Fred. Scallon,	A. W. Hayes,	C. Norton,
J. T. Galley,	Neil Gray,	J. W. Carner,
O. B. Collins,	M. Haris,	Geo. W. King,
Phil Greenwall,	J. T. Hinds (3),	Sidney Smith,
John Germon,	W. H. Taylor,	Joseph Jefferson,
Thomas Warwood,	Lee S. Lynch,	Wm. Reed,
Wm. Hilton,	James Haverly (2),	Ed. Brink,
Dan Gardner,	W. K. Linyard,	Mr. Marsden,
Jack Haverly,	Frank Gerard,	Tony Harvey,
Henry Redmond,	Harry Stanwood,	R. M. Carroll,
Charles Harrison (8),	Sig. Gerard,	Sig. Capola,
Jean Flynn,	Thos. Kilner,	Harry Bloodgood,
Carl Hausinger,	J. A. Young,	Mr. Lee Gossin,
L. M. Hernandez,	Lew Hallet,	Add Ryman,
Gardner and Kenyon,	J. E. Green,	Cromwell's Stereopticon,
George Holman,	H. A. Bigl,	Richard Willis,
Colin Howard,	James Hartley,	Chas. Conners,
Sig. Howa,	Fred. Billier,	Chas. J. Fyffe,
Mr. Hughes,	Sig. Faranta,	Sidney Cook,
L. J. Jordan,	Delmon Grace,	John H. Williams,
Mr. Hoyt,	J. S. Miller,	Geo. W. Twombly,
S. Parks,	Clarence Hunter.	James Hilliard,
P. Kendall,	Frank Newhall,	Delehanty & Hengler
J. W. Harris,	Harry Gilbert,	Billy Allen,
Sol. Smita Russell,	Harry Franklin,	Wm. Sweatman (6),
Bro. A. Hunterson,	Johnny Budd,	Isaac Sanderson,
J. E. Hartel,	Harry Hale (3),	Wm. R. Brown,
Lewis W. Blair,	Edward Morley (2),	H. E. Parmelee,
C. Chas. Howard,	Billy Naylor,	Williams & Cummings
Prof. McDonald,	Frank B. Cilley,	C. E. Watson,
Walter Davis,	Frank Howard,	Edwin Rupert,
George Maxwell,	T. P. Varney,	Chas. Melville,
John W. Norton,	W. J. Harley,	Fatty Welsh,
C. N. Edwards,	Dave Hawley (2),	Barry Aldrich,
Charles Warwick,	Harry S. Duffield,	E. D. Lay,
John Naylor,	E. W. Watson,	T. M. Summers,
Nasin Robinson,	Fred O'Brien,	W. H. Brown,
Wm Melville,	Billy Rice,	Chas. A. Young,
Ankee Robinson,	C. W. Kidder,	Matil da Heron (2),
Jay Arlington,	Mlle. Celestine,	Mrs. Andrew Haight,
Ida Monk,	Louisa Lecomte,	Mrs. W. R. Hayden,
Alice Jones,	Ally Chippendale (2),	Lizzie La Grange,
Virginia Howard,	Mlle. Albertine,	Nellie Germon,
Carepa Ross,	Annie Mitchell,	Mad'emoiselle Haight,
Nellie Edwards (2),	Nellie Huntley,	Laura Keene,
Ida Laurent,	Hannah Birch,	Irene Gay,
Nelly Howard (2),	Nellie Turnour, 20c,	F. Y. Harrington,
Naomi Porter,	Edith Whiting,	Sophie Wyatt Hallan,
Ida Webb,	Virginia Buchanan,	Albertine Miller,
Annetta Gallett,	Lydia Hoyle,	Mrs. Geo. Gray.
Victoria Ross,	Victoria Howard	
Mrs. Richard Carroll,	Jean Hengler.	

Songs for the People.

[In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

No. 3.

TO MINE OWN.

I.

I will not call you "dearest,"
Because you might infer
Of the same kind may a friend one
That you the dearest were;
Whereas the simple truth is,
You fill my heart alone;
And so, instead of dearest,
May I not say "Mine own?"

II.

I will not call you "dearest,"
For, as I said before,
That word implies that I may love
A half a dozen more;
The fact is, O, my darling,
Besides you I love none,
And so, instead of "dearest,"
May I not say "Mine own?"

X. T. C.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, April 19, '69.

THE PLEASANT weather we have had since our last has had its usu effect on places of amusement, a very fair attendance being noticeable at a majority of our theatres and halls; but its most direct influence has been felt in traveling companies, notably circus troupes, who have been only waiting for clear skies and balmy breezes, and now our country cousins and "provincial" citizens may look for the coming of the canvas, the sawdust, the horses and the spangles. No traveling entertainment excites so much interest and curiosity among our rural population as that offered by the circus, with its big colored posters, its flags flying, drums beating, and a display of all the pharaphernalia necessary to the complete fitting out of a well organized equestrian establishment. The season is now opening, and in a week or so the various troupes will all be on the road, fully equipped for a four or five months' trip. Let them be received as their merits deserve, and let them be protected in their rights against the assaults that are too frequently made upon them in a pure spirit of mischief, to put it in no harsher form. Jimmy, you had better touch her up with a dash of "gooseberry," and grind out a few rhymes about the circus, while we try to think of something funny.

ON THE TRAMP.

I.

The circus is about to go
Upon its yearly cruise—
But whether for school or whether for we
It isn't now no use
To speculate; as soon the tale will tell itself
When the canvas it is spread,
And the menagerie folks from near and far
Will gear up their untamed steeds and hie away
To the scene of fun, without no fear or dread,

II.

The circus is an exhibish
Ion of the olden time,
And has ever held its own posish-
Ion for deeds of pantomime.
Who can forget the clown's edish-
Ion of jokes and funny things,
Always given without any relish-
Ences, as he appears in his painted face, and
striped clothes, and jumps into the ring?

III.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life"
As a bully circus show—
And he who never takes his wife
Is a person of very low
Repute. For the entree it don't cost you much,
Considering the fun you get—
When next the circus show or such
Comes this way, on its annual explorations in
search of the golden fleece, I am bound to go,
you bet.

.....Niblo's Garden is so-called, we presume, from the nightly display of flowers in the hands of verdant young gentlemen, hired for the purpose, probably, in lieu of regular bouquet holders. But isn't the floral business at Niblo's being run into a sort of nuisance? Isn't it getting to be just a trifle annoying to players and people? Do the actresses, or dancers who receive them, return the favors in any way? We have seen, at times, certain of these gentlemanly "boquet holders" at the stage entrance of the theatre, waiting for the "equiv," we judge. Do the ladies who receive these floral tributes ever return the flowers?

.....In Jersey, one day last week, a so-called comedian was fined for being drunk in the street. Here some of our imported stock of comediennes are permitted to appear on the stage in a "maudlin" condition; yet press, public and authorities tacitly wink and encourage the little "indiscretion." Beauty covers a multitude of sins.

.....Some people assert that minstrelsy is on the *decline*, but the reason people *decline* to patronize this species of amusement is because of the high tariff of admission. Bryants' Minstrels, who have met with a *warm* reception at the "Red Hot" performances, are to try reduced prices when they re-open in *May*. *May* their expectations be fully realized......"Our Jim," who has been cogitating for the past quarter of an hour, wishes to know when a lecturer is like a buzzard. *He* says its when *he's got a ho(a)rse cold*, for a subject. But we really can see nothing in it; there is no connection, whatever; no point, no nothing, but cold horse. Try again, Jimmy, that's a dead failure. "May be that isn't the one. Here's another:—When is a rock like a shad boat?" "We can see no analogy." "I don't want yer to see no analogy; I want yer to answer the conundrum. You can't do it? Well, I'll tell yer when a rock is like a shad boat—when it's got a *fissure* in it."..... A story comes to us of a dancer at one of our theatres who, but a year or two since, was as pure as the virgin snow; necessity compelled her, with many others, to enter the ballet. Of comely face, and beautiful form, she soon attracted the notice of the son of a wealthy resident of Fifth Avenue. Pleased by the attentions, the boquets, and other presents bestowed upon her by this heartless libertine, and under the solemn promise of marriage, she at last fell. The coveted prize secured and worn a little while, the "gentleman" at last cast her off. The final scene took place at Greenwood a few days since. There, in the quiet calm of an early April morning, all that remained of the once lovely *ballet* girl was consigned to a grave in the public ground. Her betrayer is setting his net for fresh game, for money makes him secure against prosecution for the seduction of the poor dancer.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

Only the same old story—
Bright light, soft music, the dance;
A little susceptible, loving heart,
Dark eyes and a wicked glance!

Another grave in Greenwood—
A babe on a mother's breast—
Her heart is broken and *his* untouched!
God knoweth His purpose best!

Only the same old story—
Passion, and Falsehood, and Death;
Glitter and glare on the surface—
The skeleton underneath!

.....They *do* say that nearly all of our native American actresses are about to leave for England in order to go through the necessary training to fit them for an appearance before an American public. They have a manufactory over there where novices are taken in and put through a regular course of sprouts for the New York market. Legs are repaired and made to conform to the American standard; bosoms are filled out and developed more in accordance with existing notions; the blackest hair is transformed into the purest blonde; while modesty, delicacy and innocence are at once made to give place to impudence, profligacy and immorality, as better suited to the American market. They are said to be grinding out women of the approved stamp at the rate of six per day, and yet the demand is far in excess of the supply..... And talking about the nudities, the manager of the Third Avenue Skating Rink attempted to introduce the "stripped" feature at their velocipede exhibitions, recently, but the velocipede people were not quite ready for the innovation, and the "French Troupe" were permitted to retire to their congenial resorts, where such exhibitions are more in keeping with the surroundings.....After an existence of eighteen or nineteen years, first as Brougham's Lyceum, and then as Wallack's Theatre, subsequently as a music hall, and again as a theatre, it remained for Irish drama, with its shillelagh and jug, to give the last kick to the Broadway Theatre, where Mary Taylor, Brougham, Chippendale, Wallack, Kean, Mrs. Forrest and other lights in the profession have shone resplendently in the olden time. Yes, eight or ten performances more will wind up the theatre in Broadway, near Broome street, which opened so auspiciously under Mr. Brougham's management. James, you will now put on the brakes, and let out a few links in the chain of the past.

A BALLAD OF THE BROADWAY.

Come all you jolly actor folk, come listen to my song—
'Tis of an old theatre, and I won't detain you long—
'Twas eighteen hundred and fifty, if my memory serves me well,
When the Ly-ce-um it then was built; into Brougham's hands it fell;
The genial John he got along so smooth and nice and gay,
That he began all for to lay up for a rainy day;
'Twas Mary Taylor for him sung, as you may well suppose,
Likewise Walcot, the elder, and many more of those.
The house was packed from pit to dome, I'd have you all to know,
For John's free list was very large, a long time ago;
Now Billy Burton he did come, all for to have a say
And most of Brougham's actor folk sweet William took away.
John put a bold face on to him, as you shall shortly see,
And said "that William Burtyon shant sit ahead of me."
But William was an actor man of bottom and of grit,
And vow'd he'd make the genial John all for to git and git.
Now when the genial saw his house grow smaller and still smaller—
Although the prices in them days was only half a dollar—
He called his people unto him, and these words he did say:
"If the business was only good, more salary I would pay."
Now when the "people" heard him speak, I'd have you all to know,
They vow'd that they would by him stick, ye winds blow high or low.
So, John he tried most everything from comic things to tragic,
And if you will believe me, boys, he likewise tried on magic.
But 'twant no use, my galliant pards, the tale I tell to you—
So Brougham the Ly-ce-um shut, and what I tell is true;
In vain Bob Martin takes sold, for, quiet as a mouse,
Stood E. P. Christy by his side, with a mortgage on the house—
It pains me to the heart, me boys, these things all for to tell—
But parting words have to be spoke, so Lyceum farewell.
Now all ye managerial men, a warning I'll take,
And never let another man your very best people rake;
And when you have a theatre, and on it would subsist,
Remember that you can't get money from a large free list.

.....Robinson Crusoe" is to be our next sensation. Mr. Henderson announced it for production at Wallack's Theatre as a summer attraction, but in the interim, Mr. Ager Wood was preparing the same pantomimic spectacle for his Metropolitan Theatre, and gave notice of its immediate presentation, thus knocking the Wallackian speculation on its beam ends. The game cock of the blondes flapped his wings too soon, and "crew so" loudly over the coming Crusoe as to give the note of warning—hence Robinson and his man Friday will open on some early Monday at Wood's.....You will remember that in our last we spoke of a stray infant being found near Niblo's, and that the little waif was being brought up on the bottle. It now appears that the bottle proved its ruin, for the child is reported as having died a few days ago. In the beautiful language of that inspired poet, William Shakespeare, let us commemorate its memory in these touching lines:

TO A DECEASED INFANT.

They had a little daughter once,
But twant its parents pride,
They didn't love her very well
And soon she slept and died.

* * * * *

Go, small unloved one, go,
Thy course on earth is run,
None but thy mother's eyes can know
For what thou wert begun.

* * * * *

Afflictions sore long time it bore,
The bottle was its bain,
So the parents kindly pisened it,
And eased it of its pain.

* * * * *

None but not forgotten.

.....Mr. and Mrs. Williams are to have a benefit on the 23d, and William-son on the 24th. As the former are in no immediate need of benefits, let the public respond to the appeal on the 24th.....Talking about "Foul Play," Jimmy, can you tell what tool is most used in the poultry yard. "A saw?" No. "A woman's tongue when it cackles?" No. We'll tell you what tool is most used in the poultry yard—the *hatch* of.....Leaves have their time to fall and ——, but the balance of the quotation, as well as the application have escaped our memory. These conundrums are forever destroying our best ideas..... "Hoss, the follerin is a bully conundrum—What animal has the most invisible hide?" We really can't tell—we don't meddle with animals. "*Pll* tell you. The animal that hides the most."..... The gentleman who oversees things desires another hearing, and as he this week opens to us some of the mysteries of the stage ghost, we make room for another essay

FROM THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

MISTER EDDITER CLIPPER, SIR.—A few further strictures onto "Hamlet" bein segested by the promist revivie of that great work of igh art, I proseed to ventilate them accordin' to programmy. Some of the common taters, ritin from a poorly littery standin plnt, as considered im in the light of a philosopher. I think the young man was undoubtedly crakt in the upper story. Frinstans, he goes maunderin about in a very onhappy way over is father's goast, instid of settlin the hash of that cold fornicater oo id ad im pizened for the saks o steppin into is shews, and yit we actilly find im a swarin to the said goast in the most sollem manner that e would awenge im out a hand. I don't think, either, that the divine Willyams ad a very clear consepshon of spirits in gineral, for ere we ave the ole king a roarin around in a suit o armor, a frightening of everyboddy by is sculptural woise, wen I doant believe as ginavine goasts ever wears any cloths at all—leastways, not as I understand it. I never put on a suit of armer, except the patint lether kind, but there's a reggilar set in the windy of a Broadway fancy store which must weigh several tons, and ow a suit o cast iron can turn into a sperit, and go prowlin about in that promiskevus fashin, I'd like to kno. There's the goast of Banko, too, oo comes on in a full Scotish costume. Jest as if there was any tailors in the other world. Pho! its simply reilkkilus! Any of the reggilar rapists knows better than that, and never pretends to give a personal interduckshon. The only substanshal thing about them is the money they takes at the door for admission to their sceanswers. Ketch them takin of sperritool greenbax! Not they, I calkalate! They doant accept drafts on the Bank of Pluto. The old king don't seem to ave ad any moar sense into im than the Lord Amlet, for instid of pitchin at that unappy young youth in the fus place, e goes honeyfuglein around Orasho and Musellis, oo apears mortually scarced, and is debatin wether to it im a lick, wen e vanishes. I wud segest to Mister Boothe that the sperit knocking might ere be introJuiced with thrilling fect, and Amlet would ave a capital chance to sing a solo, sech as

"Stop dat knockin' at de do!"

But every one to is taste, as the bonn veevant said wen he ordered sugar in his'n. Amlet ad haf an ideer of becomin a goast iaself, for does e not say,

"O that this two solid flesh would melt,
Thor and disolv itself into a Jew."

But why e should select a Jew by preferents is a wexi queschon for the common taters. Praps because Jews is allus rich—oo nose? But before e as fully made hup is mind to the pawnbrokerin business, e gets an agricultural crochet, and disklvers that the world is not the place e took it to be:—

" Ow weary, stale, flat and unprofitabl
Seems to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on—sooze fi-fi 'tis an unweeded garding
That grows to seyd!"

E rails agin the whole female sect, and is particlerly severe onto is ryal mother becaws she married agin before another new pare o' shoes was wanted. E says,

" Frayliy, thy name is woman,"

and compares er to bein

" Like Niobe, all tears,"—

Witch I think e must a ment Niblo's, bein a topogramical error and o no consekens ennyow. There is another pertiklar I've got agenst Amlet, witch e was always a braggin and boastin amongst is frends, and they showen the white fether at the silliest provocashn. E gits so mortually fritened at the goast, e almost goes Intoer convulshons, and is knees seems to a got to the St. Vituses dance, and awl becaus the sperit tells im

" E could a tall unfold
Whose harrer up thy soles, make thy two lis
Like stars start from their spears,
Freeze thy young blood,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand up
Like fret ul porcupine's quills."

And what ses Amlet, the minny? Nothing, only,

" Angels and ministers of Grace Church, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of hea th, or goblin dam'd,
Be thou with sulphur stadt, or ether cram'd,
I'll speak to thee, thou looks so much like my daddy."

And agen:—

" Why is this thus? Wherefore? What should we do? "

This is about the prosiest pasdige in the hole play. Wen I did the goast to Mr. Forlst's Amlet, I *sang* the descripitive part about the garding, to the tune of Giles Scroggins, with the most appy effect:—

" One day in garding I laid down
Ri tol de riddle ol de day,
A dreamin of my royal crown,
Ri tol de riddle fol de ray!"

I allus got an encory in that, and wen I went off, insted of backin out with a roll of paper pinted at Amlet, I had the gugong struck, and disappeared through the trap in a flash of red fire. I charges nothink for this seggestion, wich Edwin may freely use if he takes a notion.

YOURN.

City Summary.

ONLY KELLY AND LEON, of the Kelly and Leon minstrels, will visit England for the present, at least; the balance of the company being in this city waiting for other engagements. Messrs. Kelly and Leon have been engaged, we are told, by Pony Moore, of the Christy minstrels, London, who has secured the Standard Theatre in that city for the purpose of introducing them in their specialties of burlesque operas. Mr. Moore intends making up a company in London, some of whom will come from his present party. Pony will run both parties, one on the west side, and the other on the east.

THE GREGORY COMBINATION, now in their last week at Tammany, have been engaged by Messrs. Spalding & Bidwell for their establishments in St. Louis and New Orleans, and will open at the former place next week.

NEIL BRYANT'S BENEFIT takes place at the Academy of Music on the 22d inst., when the following will appear:—Dan Bryant as Handy Andy, in white face, supported by B. T. Ringgold, George F. Browne; C. H. Rockwell, J. L. Mathews, James Collier, Charles Warwick, Mrs. H. P. Grattan, Mrs. D. Myron, and Lotta Bell; J. Levy, the cornet player; Harry Sanderson and G. W. Colby, pianists; Tony Pastor, Joseph Emmett, Frank Moran, N. W. Gould, and members of Bryants' Minstrels also appear.

EDWIN BOOTH presented Shakespeare's tragedy of "Othello," at his magnificent temple of the drama, on the 12th, in a style of completeness never before witnessed in its acting on the American stage. The tragedy is one that excites our sympathy in an extraordinary degree. The Moor, the gentle Desdemona, the villain Iago, the good natured Cassio, the fool Roderigo, present a range and variety of character as striking and palpable as that produced by the opposition of costume in a picture. What a contrast the character of Othello forms to that of Iago; at the same time, the force of conception with which these two figures are opposed to each other is rendered still more intense by the complete inconsistency with which the traits of each character are brought out in a state of the highest finishing. On the other hand, Desdemona and Emelia are not meant to be opposed with anything like strong contrast to each other. Both are, to outward appearance, characters of common life, not more distinguished than usually by a difference of rank and situation. The character of Desdemona is inimitable, both in itself and as it contrasts with Othello's groundless jealousy, and with the foul conspiracy of which she is the innocent victim. Her beauty and external graces are only indirectly glanced at; we see "her visage in her mind." The scenes in which she laments and tries to account for Othello's estrangement from her are exquisitely beautiful. Iago is one of Shakespeare's supererogations of character. It has been pronounced by many unnatural. Iago belongs to a class of characters common to Shakespeare. Iago has a desperate stake to play for. His gaiety, such as it is, arises from the success of his treachery; his ease from the torture he has inflicted on others. He is repeatedly called "honest Iago," which looks as if there were something suspicious in his appearance which admitted a different construction. His mirth is not natural and cheerful, but forced and extravagant. In Othello we recognize a valiant soldier, spurning at danger, and seeking after new honors. Confiding, frank, credulous and noble, he falls an easy prey to the arts of Iago. It was evident at the initial performance of this piece that Mr. Booth avoided indulging, to a certain extent, in that rant which has everywhere been so much objected to; and though he was not altogether free from it, his disposition to indulge in it was seldom manifested, and partly deserved to be excused. His speech before the Venitian Senate was generally correct and appropriate, not wanting in dignity or energy; an undue noisy volubility was occasionally observable. His love for Desdemona was shown in the most passionate and endearing manner, at meeting with her in Cyprus. In the Council Chamber he was conspicuous for soldier-like and noble bearing. His address to the Duke was delivered with becoming modesty, with good emphasis and discretion. There was, however, too much passion and asperity in "Give Me Answer to It," addressed to Montano. Throughout the fifth act, though often excellent, he did not preserve the same spirit which he supported the previous scenes. There is much for Mr. Booth to learn before his "noble Moor" will approximate to perfection. His voice must be better regulated, his emphasis and delivery amended, and his style of acting a little more softened. That so young a man should have reached so high a pinnacle in his profession, and become it so creditably, is wonderful. Edwin Adams' Iago was a creditable performance. We have seldom seen the character, as a whole, so thoroughly embodied, or its language made to appear so express and admirable as it was by this gentleman. Mr. Adams has the true love of his profession without that selfishness which too often attends it. Without the least rant or trick of the stage, but with a quiet, careful touch worthy of a far older artist, Mr. Adams gave us a most enjoyable representation of the crafty villain. Mary Wells lacks a passionate and interesting tender and pathetic; in the fourth scene, where the Moor accuses her, she was especially good. On the whole, her performance was pleasing and satisfactory. The tragedy has been placed upon the stage in magnificent style, the scenery being not only truly grand but very appropriate. Some of the "stage settings" equal, if not surpass anything ever before witnessed in this country. The public should not fail to see this production as fun as "Romeo and Juliet" had. The house was crowded in every part on its initial performance, and it was a quarter past twelve before the play ended. There was a slight hitch in the scenery on the first night, and the curtain was dropped, making the play in six acts. With this exception it went off nicely. Mr. Booth and Mr. Adams were both called before the curtain at the close, and received a complimentary rousing.

HERBERT RUCKERT, a scene shifter at the Old Bowery Theatre, fell from the flies to the stage on the evening of the 13th inst., and fractured his arm. He was taken to the hospital.

MISS KELLOGG, the thorough American *prima donna*, was born in Sumter, S. C., in 1842, of American parents. The lady was to have been the star of the evening at a concert in this city on the 12th inst., in aid of the Cubans, but severe indisposition and sore throat compelled her absence and a postponement, and the concert tickets were honorably returned.

MILLIE TURNOUR, the female gymnast, is a young lady about fifteen years of age, who opened at the Tammany on the 12th inst. in an aerial act, which consists of daring performances on the single bar trapeze suspended from the dome, and at a height of about twenty-five feet. Her first appearance in this city was several months ago at Tony Pastor's Opera House, where she attracted considerable attention. Since then she has traveled pretty extensively through the west and south. Her performance is similar to that of M. Aircc, who first introduced it in this city about two years ago at the Theatre Comique, and was afterwards done at the same establishment by Alfred Hanlon. Millie Turnour stands upon this bar and swings without holding on with her hands, with perfect freedom, and goes through many daring feats that are seldom attempted by the most daring male gymnasts. She is possessed of great nerve and daring, and performs with grace and ease. Her finish is excellent, making her descent head downwards, holding the rope by one leg only. For one so young and so delicate in appearance, her performance is remarkable. Business was good at the Tammany all the past week. The Gregory Family are in the last week of their present engagement at this establishment. The daring act of the boys in *L Echelle* continues a great feature of the performance at the Tammany.

PONY MOORE, of the Christy Minstrels, London, Eng., sailed for New York on April 10th, and will arrive here on or about the 22d inst. He intends remaining only two weeks.

DAVID WAMBOLD goes to London, Eng., early in July on a pleasure tour.

AUG. PENNOYER sailed for England on the 10th inst., for the purpose of securing artists of note for the Richings' Opera Troupe for next season. We are told that the Richings Troupe will be as strong in talent next season as ever.

THE HOWSON FAMILY leave San Francisco, Cal., by the overland route early in May, for this city.

ELISE HOLT, having only partially recovered from her late sickness, made her *rentree* at the Waverly on the 12th inst., in the character of Wamba, in Byron's burlesque of "Ivanhoe," and was greeted by a crowded audience. Her reception was most cordial and her songs were *encored* several times. Although she is much better than when she was compelled to draw off, she has not entirely recovered, for her voice is still weak. However, she possesses the happy faculty of making herself a great favorite with the audience, talking to them in a free and easy trifling way, that makes her at once "an object of interest." She is a bright, dashing, graceful little actress, and cannot keep quiet on the stage for a moment. She sang "Tassels on the Boots" and several songs from the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia, M. D." Harry Wall reappeared as Sir Brian, and was well received. The burlesque was much better presented than during the previous week, and was witnessed on the initial night of Miss Holt's reappearance and throughout the week by crowded audiences.

A DESPOTIC MANNER of putting on hairs is of frequent occurrence at that theatrical wig making establishment of Isabau & Co.'s, No. 4 Union Square, N. Y. See advertisement.

"TURLINE," Wallace's English opera, is in active preparation at the Academy of Music, where it is to be produced on May 11th, with a pretty good cast, and by two companies—English and Italian—on alternate nights. It is to be brought out under MAX MARETZEK'S management, backed up by J. Fisk, Jr., who supplies the scenery and "props," gotten up by Samuel N. Pike, originally, for its production at Pike's Opera House. Brookhouse Bowler, senor, and Annie Kemp, contralto, have been engaged for the English troupe.

THE BRYANTS announce this as the last week of their present season in this city. They open in Baltimore, Md., on the 26th inst., for one week; go thence to Washington for one week, and return to their present quarters, to commence another season on May 10th. They have been doing a very good business the past two weeks, in fact the best of the season, and go away right in its height. This cannot very well be avoided, as they had made their arrangements to travel when business was slack. On their return, Dave Reed will appear with the party, besides two or three other first-class performers, with whom they are now negotiating. They talk of reducing their prices, which we think a good idea, for minstrel companies cannot expect to attract full houses at the same prices of admission as the theatres, when they have so much to contend with as now, in the way of a display of legs and blonde beauties.

A CHANGE in the first part of the programme is made this week at the Theatre Comique, when the amusing drama of "Robert Macaire" will be presented, for the purpose of introducing to its patrons Owen S. Fawcett, a popular comedian, in the *role* of Jaques Strop, supported by George Boniface, as Robert Macaire. The burlesque of "Pluto," which is also presented for the eighty-second time this evening, is to be reconstructed next week.

MR. BROUGHAM, on his return from the west in May, is to receive a complimentary benefit in this city, at a popular theatre. An afternoon and evening performance will be given. It will take place on the eve of his departure for California.

LESTER WALLACK AND WIFE go to Europe this summer.

JANAUSCHEK, the German actress, closed a forlorn engagement at the Academy on the 17th. As a pecuniary speculation it must have proved disastrous, the attendance being frightfully small at each performance. It is said that she intends to appear in English, but we hope there is no truth in the report. What is the use of people forcing a broken tongue upon us when we have actresses who speak English naturally?

MLLE TURNOUR was the name of the young lady gymnast at Tammany, some months ago; but time changes all things, and now she is called La Senorita Carlotta Turnour. The irreverent "Jim" styles her "Turnover."

THE NEW YORK THEATRE, which the Worrell Sisters gave such a blast when they deserted it, is without a tenant. Probably it will now give place to a better edifice.

THE CHRISTY WILL CASE is in the courts again. It seems that the lawyers got more out of the will than the rightful heirs, and the latter are now endeavoring to find out where all the proceeds have gone. "Case still on," and lawyers jubilant.

TERPSICHORE ON HER MUSCLE.—Clara Olden, a young girl of about sixteen summers, and engaged at the Theatre Comique as *danseuse*, was arrested on the 16th for cutting another girl with a penknife. It appears that as Clara was returning home from the theatre, she discovered the aforementioned girl promenading Broadway with a lover of hers, who is a fireman, and, drawing a penknife, it is alleged that she cut her about the cheek. Clara was arrested, but was discharged on her own recognizance.

TONY PASTOR is giving a most attractive and pleasing entertainment at his Opera House in the Bowery. Tony, who is a host in himself, reappeared the past week in a variety of songs, all of which were *encored*. Jennie Benson made her first appearance on the 12th, and at once made herself a great favorite. She opened in a clog dance, which was *encored* three times, and later in the evening in an Irish jig and song, which was also *encored* five times. That she is one of the best female clog dancers no one can deny. Her jig also is very clever. George Wren is quite a favorite with his banjo solos, for he was called out six times. Maggie Fielding sang a song which introduced each member of the company, also other songs, all of which were cleverly sung. Helene Smith and Mary Gorenflo, two pleasing *danseuses*, are favorites on the east side. A child of about four years, called Clarence, appeared in a single bar trapeze act, and, for one so young, did remarkably well. John Fielding appeared in Dutch specialties, but his dialect was not good. This evening Lizzie LaGrange, song and dance performer, appears. Frank Kerns does a burlesque act this week on James Taylor, the London vocalist.

"THE TEMPEST" is in the fourth week of its presentation at the Grand Opera House. The magnificent manner in which it has been placed upon the stage ought to ensure for it a much longer run than it is likely to have. Although the "Tempest" has never been a pecuniarily successful piece whenever produced, it nevertheless possesses many beauties. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea; the airy music, the tempest tossed vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape background of some fine picture. There is in the songs a peculiar charm, without conveying any distinct images. Miranda and Ferdinand's courtship is one of the great beauties of the play. Yet, as we said before, notwithstanding its many beauties, it is not a production that will enrich any manager that presents it. Among the features in its presentation now are the Morlacchi Ballet Troupe, composed of some of the best solo dancers to be found in this country, while Morlacchi is a great terpsichorean artist. Mr. Neil Warner, the Australian actor, is held in reserve in case Mr. Davenport should be obliged to lay off at short notice, as he is subject to inflammatory rheumatism.

THE "FORTY THIEVES" burlesque continues to be witnessed by good houses at Niblo's Garden. Two of the ladies of this troupe appeared to be in extraordinary good humor one evening the past week, judging from the manner in which they entered into their parts.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is in the last week of its season in this city. On Saturday evening, 24th inst., they will fold their tents and start for new scenes, breaking ground in Washington, D. C., remaining one week, and go thence to Baltimore and Philadelphia, and then through the New England cities and towns. The "New York" is one of the best equipped and organized equestrian concerns in America. The riders are first-class, the acrobats are among the best to be found in the country, and the horses, for style, etc., are not excelled by any concern in this or the old country. After meandering through the states on special railroad trains chartered expressly for the concern, it will return to this city to commence its regular fall and winter season late in September.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS, that exhibited in this city last November on the lot of ground located on Thirty-fourth street, near Broadway, has reorganized, and opens on the same site this evening, with the following company:—Carlotta De Berg, Cecile Watson, Jeanette Watson, James E. Cooke, Le Jeune Bert, Marqueise, Fred. Watson, Shappy and Whitney, Charles Conrad, Herr Holtum, Sam Long, Frank Whittaker, and others. Performances will be given every afternoon and evening.

IN CONSEQUENCE of "Robinson Crusoe," which was in preparation for production at Wallack's Theatre at the commencement of the summer season by the Lauri Family, and which was afterwards transferred to the Tammany in consequence of the same pantomime being in preparation at Woods', will be given at the Tammany, Wednesday evening, 21st inst., it not being quite ready for production this evening, as intended. In addition to the regular company, there have been specially engaged for it Lewis Mestayer, Alexander and Miss Josie Zaufretta, Masters J. and W. and Mr. Carom, and Bessie Wallow, a child actress, named in the bills as in the burlesque the past week. New scenery has been painted for it, and everything done to ensure its success.

THE FRENCH THEATRE is closed, and Grau and his troupe are seeking remuneration in other cities.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE arrived from their Eastern tour on the 15

gagements at its expiration, as will be seen by a card in our advertising columns.

THE CARTER DRAMATIC TROUPE opened at the Comique, Cheyenne, on the 13th inst., in "Lucretia Borgia" and "Our Gal," with Carrie Carter as Lucretia, supported by J. W. Carter, E. F. Lewis, F. Rees, Charles Kneass and J. Sangs. Frank Jones and J. Kelly did a clog dance the same night for a purse of $50.

JOHN ALBAUGH opens at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, on the 26th inst., for the Summer season.

THE WELL KNOWN New England comedian, Yankee Glunn, made his first appearance in Boston on the occasion of the benefit of John M. Ward, treasurer of the Boston theatre, and met with a gratifying reception. He played Jethro Baxter in the drama of "Rosina Meadowa."

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS made their *debut* at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 12th, in "Trodden Down." Our correspondent "Mose" says:—"The drama is replete with exciting tableaux, striking situations, with a sufficiency of the sensational element. This piece held the boards two nights to rather queer houses. On the 14th, 'School' was presented for the first time in this city, with Mrs. Watkins as Naomi Tighe, and Harry Watkins as Jack Points. The piece was excellently put on the stage and admirably acted throughout. Mrs. Watkins made quite a hit in her songs 'Walking Down Broadway' and 'Up in a Baloon.' A small house witnessed the presentation of the play, but the audience evinced the deepest interest throughout. On the 15th the 'Hidden Hand' was produced, with Mrs. Watkins as Capitola and Mr. Watkins as Woo. On the 16th, for his benefit, the drama of the 'Pioneer Patriot' and the comedy of 'It takes two to Quarrel,' were presented. They closed their engagement on the 17th with 'School.' Budworth, the Dutch comedian, is the next star, opening on the 19th. Mrs. John Davis, the old lady of the company, is lying dangerously ill in this city."

ST. LOUIS SHOW ITEMS.—Under date of April 18th we are advised of theatrical affairs in the Mound City by our correspondent, who says:—"At De Bar's, 'School' kept the boards until the 10th, when it was withdrawn. On the 9th Miss Ada Webb took a benefit, and in addition to 'School' gave the 'Young Actress.' On the 12th, Mr. A. Waldauer took a benefit, the plays being 'Thrice Married' and 'Forest Daisy,' the latter being a new piece by Waldauer, with the following cast, viz:—Miss Webb as Daisy; G. D. Charlin, Alfred Hunter; E. Norman, Lord Neville; Loomis, Sir William; and Miss Pennoyer as Kate. During the evening Waldauer gave his new piece of music, called 'Pacific Railroad Galop.' On the 14th, 'Caste' and 'Nan,' and on the 15th 'F nchon' was given. Mrs. Scott Siddons opens on the 19th as Rosalind in 'As You Like It.'..... At the Olympic, on the 9th, Joseph Proctor gave for his farewell benefit 'Ontanche' and 'Rebel Chief.' On the 10th 'Lucretia Borgia,' with Charlotte Crampton in the title *role*, and 'My Neighbor's Wife.' On the 12th, the Zavistowski Sisters opened in 'Ixion.' The cast is as follows:—Emeline as Ixion; Alice as Mercury; Mlle. Christine as Jupiter, etc. The piece is well put on, and will have a run. 'Ixion' is preceded by a farce each evening. Full houses greet the sisters every evening, they being established favorites."

J. G. STULTZ'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, from Detroit, Mich., opened in Schoolcraft, Mich., on the 12th, in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." The party were to go thence to Alagon, Mich.

THE "NAIAD QUEEN" is in active preparation at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., for production on the 27th inst., under the management of Arthur McKnight.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S COMPANY closed a week's stay in Taunton, Mass., on the 17th, and on the 19th were to open in Plymouth—the "land of our forefathers"—in "Nobody's Daughter," and remain there three nights, returning to Taunton on the 22d for two nights, New Bedford, 24th, and Haverhill, 26th, for five nights.

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY are billed for Massillon, Ohio, on the 26th and 27th.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Lexington, Ky., is in the hands of scene painters and carpenters, and will reopen on the 26th inst.

MRS. MARIE WILKINS is prepared to make long or short engagements for first old women and heavies.

THE WALLACE SISTERS—Agnes, Jennie, Minnie and Maud—are to make a summer tour, aided and abetted by a burlesque troupe, under S. B. Villa's management. See card in our advertising columns.

SOPHIE WORRELL'S BURLESQUE TROUPE opened in Louisville, Ky., on the 12th, in "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Our old corresponden Agate, writing on the 15th, says:—"It rained during the greater part of the day, and at night, and the performance was but slimly attended. On the 13th the same bill was given, and although the weather had not much improved, a fair house witnessed an excellent performance. Owing to some little difficulty, of the nature of which I have not been apprised, in the company at Cincinnati, Jenny and Irene withdrew. Ada Monk and Annie Wood were added to pay their business. Ada Monk is particularly [illegible] the Duke of Suffolk, her abandon and [illegible] or deviltons [illegible] retaining the [illegible] burlesque. Annie Wood is good [illegible] fair representation of the sprightly Lady [illegible] rell makes an excellent Earl Darnley, and [illegible] attraction. C. Morton as Henry VIII, Geo. Lingard Francis I, and H. A. Readle as Sir Guy, are excellent in their respective *roles*. The make-up of Sir Guy is ingenious and laughable, and with his grotesque and fine acting, is productive of much merriment. The encounter between Francis I, and Henry VIII, in the tournament, kept the house in a roar. The Queen Catharine of Mr. Rupert is also good. The dancing by M'lle. Billon and Von Hamme, the clog dancing of Fox and Ward, and the banjo playing of Chas. Dobson are features in the performance."

BENEFITS have been in order at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., the past week. Our correspondent, Agate, writes us as follows:—"On the 12th, was the benefit of Miss Jennie Wilton, leading juvenile lady; Johnny Ward, comedian, took a benefit on the 13th; Miss Adele Palmer and Miss McKay received a benefit on the 14th; Mr. Southard's benefit took place on the 16th, and Manager Meech is up for a farewell benefit on the 17th, which is the closing night of the season. It is understood that the theatre will be re-opened soon, with a new management and company. Several members of the present company have been engaged to open at Grand Rapids, Mich., next (this) week."

PAYNE AND CARROLL'S ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE open in Sedalia, Mo., on the 19th in "Lucretia Borgia" and "Too Much for Good Nature." The company comprises Frank Frayne, Billy Carroll, A. S. Casper, Johnny Carroll, Con. P. Murphy, Harry McDonald, Harry D. McNulty, Harry Wildman, Charlotte Crampton, Celia Morse, Mary Henning, Emma Merrill, and others. Their route is Sedalia, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Lawrence, Topeka, and St. Joseph.

JOHN BROUGHAM commenced an engagement at the Detroit Opera House on the 12th inst. Our correspondent "Mac," writing from thence under date of April 17th, furnishes the following:—"John Brougham opened in his own comedy of 'Playing with Fire,' to a large audience, and at once established himself in their good graces by his capital rendition of the character of Dr. Savage. During the evening he was called before the curtain, and made one of his characteristically humorous speeches, which took so well that he has been obliged to respond similarly nearly every evening since. On the 13th, 'Dombey and Son,' with Brougham as Captain Cuttle, and E. L. Tilton as Jack Bunsby, made quite a hit. Claude Hamilton's Toots was the best thing he has done thus far. Mrs. Claude Hamilton's Susan Nipper was also a fine performance. On the 14th, 'Gentleman from Ireland' and 'Pocahontas,' with Brougham in both pieces. On the 15th, 'David Copperfield' and 'Pocahontas.' On the 16th, 'Playing with Fire' was repeated. On the afternoon of the 17th, 'Serious Family,' and in the evening, 'Gentleman from Ireland' and 'David Copperfield.' Business has been good throughout the week. Mr. Brougham continues next (this) week, and brings out 'Lottery of Life.'"

Musical.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL to take place in Boston, in June next, is looming up largely, and promises to be almost as brilliant in the dulcimeric firmament, as was the *aurora borealis* in nature's sky on the night of the 15th inst. The fourth series of rehearsals has commenced, and the enrolment of vocalists is heavy, 2,900 having been enlisted in the Hub alone, besides the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Choral Union. "The Coliseum," the name with which the building in which the "peace jubilee" is to be held has been christened, is to be of immense capacity, the largest in America, under one roof. Its erection in James' Square has been commenced, and it will require 1,700,000 feet of lumber in its construction, and will cover an area of between three and four acres, its dimensions being 300x500 feet. There will also be used in the work fifteen tons of nails, and between four and five tons of other iron work, such as bolts, braces, &c. To cover the roof, so as to make it water proof, thirty tons of tarred paper will be used. The apex of the roof is eighty-six feet from top of sill. At the height of fifty feet there will be 1,300 feet of continuous windows, five feet high, all made to run on rollers, for ventilation, consisting of 6,500 feet of glass. Ingress and egress are made safe and easy by twelve doorways, each twenty-four feet wide. The building will have a seating capacity for 16,300 spectators, and standing room beneath the gallery and promenade for an immense number. The height of the roof pagoda will be ninety feet from the parquet floor; that of the side walls thirty-five feet, surmounted by ten feet of perpendicular glass the whole circumference. The building is to be finished by the 10th of June, or five days before the beginning of the Festival, thus affording ample time for general rehearsals by the band and chorus.

MISS TOPP, the pianist, is to be married in June next to a captain in the Prussian Life Guards.

THE CONCERT AT MORRISANIA on the 13th inst., attracted a full house, and in its entirety proved quite a success, the vocalization and instrumentalization having been excellent. Mrs. Johnson's "Brindisi," Mrs. Sheppard's "The Orange Girl," Mrs. Henry's "Oh! Whisper What Thou Feelest," Mr. Leggat's "Oh! Longing Heart Trust on," Mr. Bristow's violin solo from Trovatore, Miss Butters' "Last Rose of Summer," Mr. W. K. Bassford's "Jealous Stream," and Miss Patrick and Mons. Pradel's piano duet, were the gems of the evening, and the Mesdames Johnson and Sheppard, and Messrs. Leggat and Bristow were the targets for *encores*. It was a musical treat indeed for Morrisania.

THE MORRISANIA UNION HARMONIC SOCIETY is to sing "The May Queen," under Prof. G. F. Bristow's batonship, at a concert to be given in May next. Geo. Weeks is to sing the tenor solos. Their rehearsal on the 12th inst. was well attended.

MR. GEORGE WEEKS, the tenor singer, is to have a concert at Morrisania on the 29th inst., and, as he is popular there, a large attendance and *substantial* aid is anticipated.

ROSSINI'S MASS is to be performed in Florence by Ullmann's concert troupe under Signor Muzio's management.

GRAU'S TROUPE of French artists made a good commencement of their season of opera bouffe at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, 14th inst. Our correspondent, "Pluto," says:—"The opening opera was 'Genevieve de Brabant,' the most elaborate of the burlesque subjects which Offenbach has set to music, but the extreme length of the piece is an objection, and could be curtailed without removing anything that is worth retaining. The plot is a burlesque upon a touching mediæval story, which has been sung by more than one poet, but as treated by Messrs. Cremieux and Trefen it is most decidedly Frenchified, and some of the salient points are given with a broadness of humor that is not in accordance with the strict notions of propriety cherished in the best society of the present day. As a superior finished musical work, 'Genevieve' is scarcely equal to either 'La Grande Duchesse' or 'Barbe Bleue,' but it contains some of the sweetest airs that Offenbach has written. The serenade of the Page, *'En passant sous le fenetre,'* the first act, is a melody that would do credit to composers of greater pretentions, and, as sung by Madam Rose Bell and Mad'lle Desclauzas, was fully appreciated, judging from the rapturous *encores* which it received. Some other gems which are scattered through this opera are bright and sparkling, and in the composer's best vein. The duett of the gendarmes in the second act, although not superior of itself, is made one of the features of the piece by the comical manner in which it is rendered by Messrs. Bourgoin and Francis. This racy bit of burlesque acting and singing was honored by a double *encore*, while many of the audience were not disposed even then to be satisfied. The strong chorus, 'Le clarion que sonne,' which concludes the first act, is very spirited, while the grand march for Palestine is a reminiscence of 'Barbe Bleue.' The train of cars, in which Charles Martel and his followers are about to embark for the Holy Land, is in accordance with the whole spirit of the burlesque. Mr. Grau has an efficient troupe, although he has no actress singer equal to Irma, nor any artist equal to Ledue, Lagrifoul or Duchesne. Madame Rose Bell, who personated Drogan, the page, is tall, handsome and possesses a clear, sweet, and highly cultivated voice, acting with a great deal of spirit and animation, which established her as a favorite with the audience from the first. Mlle. Desclauzas, the representative of Genevieve, is stout, but good looking; and her voice, although not very strong, is sweet and under good control, fully equal to the requirements of the *role*. M. Carrier, who appeared as Duke Sifroy; M. Rivenez, as Golo; M. Beckers, as Charles Martel; and Messrs. Bourgoin and Francis, the representatives of the gendarmes, are all excellent actor singers—in fact, all the parts were well portrayed, the choruses strong and well trained, and orchestra efficient. The same bill was repeated on Thursday to a full house. On Friday evening the opera of 'L'œil Creve' was presented. On Saturday *matinee* 'Genevieve de Brabant' was given to a full and fashionable audience, and on Saturday evening 'Fleure de The' to another fine house. On Monday, 19th inst., the troupe appear in 'La Vie Parisienne'—'Life in Paris.'"

THE PEAK FAMILY "Ring the Bells for Sarah" in Taunton, Mass., on the 24th.

MISS SUSAN GALTON and her comic English opera troupe, comprising Mr. Thos. Whiffin, Miss Blanche Galton, Mrs. M. Pyne Galton, Miss Clara Brown, Mr. Warren White, Mr. J. Hugh, &c., open at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, 20th inst., in two of Offenbach's comic operas, entitled, "Ob," and "Lischen and Fritchen." F. Shafer is the musical director.

SIG. BARILI will give a grand concert at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Friday evening, 24th inst.

MR. GEORGE HOOD takes his annual benefit at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Thursday, 23d inst., when the "Grand Duchesse" will be performed.

A PERFORMANCE was given in the Amateur's drawing room, on Seventeenth street, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, 14th inst., by the Philadelphia Opera Company. The charming comic opera, the "Doctor of Alcantara," with a cast including Misses Elene, Fredonia and Naomi Durang, and Mr. George Bishop, a full orchestra under the direction of Mr. W. G. Dietriche, was the attraction.

AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, the Germania Orchestra gave a musical *matinee* on Wednesday afternoon, 14th.

SENTZ & HASSLER'S grand concert was given, as usual, at Saturday's *matinee*, at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia. These concerts are always well attended by the music loving community of Philadelphia.

THE GRAU GERMAN OPERA TROUPE opened in Baltimore, Md., on the 12th inst., at the Concordia Opera House. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"Les Huguenots' was the initial opera, which was presented with a most excellent chorus and orchestra. Clara Ziegler appeared as Margaret, John Armand as Raoul, Herrman as Marcelli, and Weinlich as Count of St. Bris. The singing of Miss Zeigler is both natural and pleasing, although she does not possess a great voice. Herrman has been the recipient of much praise. Weinlich's execution is spirited and correct, as was that of Armand. 'Fidelio' followed on the 13th, with Bertha Johansen as Leonora, and William Formes (brother of Karl) as Pizarro. Habelman possesses a tenor voice of great beauty and power. Johansen has a voice of extensive compass, singing with animation and expression. 'Faust' was presented on the 14th, with Herrman as Mephistophiles, Habelman as Faust, and Formes as Valentine. 'Der Freischutz' was given on the 15th. On the 16th 'Robert Le Diable' was given, when Lizzie Eckart, the American *prima donna*, made her bow as Alice. Miss Eckart's *debut* was a decided success, proving herself to be a highly accomplished vocalist, and eliciting the liveliest tokens of appreciation from the fashionable and crowded auditory. The season closed on the 17th with 'Don Juan.' From here the company go to Charleston, S. C."

VIEUXTEMPS, the violinist, is expected here this summer.

THE PEAK FAMILY perform in Taunton, Mass., on the 24th inst.

THE SUSAN GALTON OPERA TROUPE opened at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 12th inst., to a good house, in Offenbach's "66," and "Lischen and Fritchen," in the former of which Miss Galton established herself a favorite there, with the *role* of Gritley. During the rest of the week, "Marriage by Lanterns," "No Song, no Supper," "Ching, Chang, Hi," and St. Rose De Fleur" were produced. So writes our correspondent.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS sang in Toledo, April 10; Maunee, 12th, and Fort Wayne on the 17th. They go to Pittsburgh, thence to the Eastern regions, where they close the season. This company is about perfecting a combination with a popular troupe of Bell Ringers previous to their fall tour. J. W. Smith and J. Keer are with the company.

THE TYROLESE SINGERS, seven in number, gave two performances in Toledo, Ohio, April 14th and 15th, to large houses. The troupe dress in their native costume. They use the zithern and guitar [illegible] and men's.

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THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILIES, BELL RINGERS, are billed ahead for Columbus, Ga., April 19th, 20th and 21st; Montgomery, Ala., 22d, 23d and 24th; and open in Mobile on May 3d [illegible] one week.

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS opened in Brooklyn on the 14th inst., for four nights. On their first night the attendance was only fair, but on the second night there was a large house.

BLIND TOM is in Rochester, N. Y., all this week.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY commenced a two weeks' engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, on the 12th instant, opening with "La Traviata." Our correspondent "Novice" thus writes of it:—"The cast embraced the names of Mrs. Bernard, Anna Mischka, S. C. Campbell, Wm. Castle, H. C. Peakes, J. A. Arnold, and James Peakes. The opera was given in capital style. Mrs. Bernard in the *role* of Violetta acquitting herself in her usual brilliant manner. The choruses were quite complete and were rendered satisfactorily. The attendance was not large, the adjournment of Congress but two days previous having had quite an effect upon business. Auber's sparkling opera of the 'Crown Diamonds' was sung on the following evening in splendid style, and those who failed to attend certainly missed a treat. The audience was brilliant and fashionable, and Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Seguin, and Messrs. Castle and Campbell never acquitted themselves more creditably. The duet between Mr. Castle and Mrs. Seguin was *encored*, and Mrs. Bernard as La Catarina and Mr. Campbell as Rebolledo were repeatedly applauded. On the 14th, 'Fra Diavolo was given with Edith Abell as Zerlina and Charles Drew (a late addition) as Lorenzo. 'Martha' was splendidly sung on the evening following. Mrs. D. Seguin was the recipient of a benefit on the 16th, 'Il Trovatore' being the opera presented. Last evening (17th), the 'Bohemian Girl' was offered. A local paper eulogizes the directress of the company in the following strain:—'To Miss Richings, now Mrs. Bernard, will always remain the praise of raising English lyric art in America to the point at which a Parepa Rosa could recognize and adopt it after a glorious career as an Italian *prima donna*.' Mrs. Bernard has done wonders, and the very organization that Parepa has effected would have been an impossibility but for the untiring energy displayed by Miss Richings in preparing the public to appreciate English opera at something like its true value.' A weekly newspaper in this city has been devoted to the interest of government employees in this city, has recently presented a very ludicrous appearance by attempting a fierce onslaught on the management of the National Theatre. The writer attempts to injure the business of the establishment by frightening the public into the belief that the theatre is a mere shell; with a painted canvas for a ceiling. He thinks the owners of the building have been merciless in squeezing exorbitant rents out of the manager, and after indulging in the remark that the prices of admission should be greatly reduced, he concludes by tendering a lecture on the starring system, and the degeneracy of the drama. Messrs. Spalding and Rapley state in reply that the walls of the theatre are the broadest and finest of all the theatre walls in the country, not excepting those where they close the season. This company is about perfecting a combination with a popular troupe of Bell Ringers previous to their fall tour. J. W. Smith and J. Keer are with the company.

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Variety Halls.

TWO VARIETY HALLS INDICTED.—The Opera House and the American Theatre, Baltimore, Md., have been indicted by the Grand Jury of the Criminal Court of Baltimore, as nuisances. On April 9th Eugene and John Kernan, of the Opera House, and John Nachman and John Gardner, of the American, were arrested and held to bail to await the further action of the court.

TOM HAYES, clog dancer, has just been added to the attraction at the International, Toledo, Ohio, commencing his engagement on April 19th. John Judge has made a re-appearance, and is meeting with success. He leaves in two weeks to join Dr. Thayer's circus. John Kari severed his connection with the establishment on the 16th. He goes to Cleveland. John leaves hosts of friends behind him. Maude De Tesco has been re-engaged by Capt. Hann, and has opened out a new collection of songs, prominent of which are "Mrs. Jinks," "Kitty and I," and "Weeping for Dan Rice." Alfred Davis has become a fixture, as also has J. H. Clark. Miss Nellie Haywood and Miss Annie Clark do the "Chinese" and "Columbia and Liberty."

HARRY ROFINSON was not shot, as reported, but still lives. He was seen in Savannah, Ga., on the 10th inst.

VARIETY BUSINESS in Cincinnati is described by our correspondent as generally dull last week, Dan Rice's Circus and the theatres taking away their habitual patrons. There was scarcely a change worthy of note in any of the halls. The Olympic Hall gave up the ghost, after a struggle of a few evenings. The proprietor talks of drumming up a good company and trying it again, but he will hardly do so. Miss Lizzie Mayling, the leading Olympic attraction, sang one evening at the Race Street, and then engaged herself at the Oxford, where she has remained ever since, and takes well..... The Race Street did tolerably during the week, with no change in the company. They need some new faces badly here. Charley Benedict closed his engagement with the week, and is to next appear in the concert scene of Brougham's "Lottery of Life." Master M. Connor, song and dance boy, also closed, having been engaged, with his brother Dan, of the Oxford, to go with French's Circus. Connor, Billy Reed and Young did a triple essence last week very cleverly..... At the Oxford Hall, Miss Bonnie Emerson withdrew on Monday evening, in consequence of a misunderstanding with the door keeper. She is a clever singer, and nice in her manner, but seems almost too sensitive for the business. Dan Connor took a farewell benefit on Friday night, and there was a good rally of volunteers and a handsome house. Dan laid himself out on all his best acts, among the rest giving a new "happy old man" song. He goes with French's circus for the summer season..... Yale's Hall, on Walnut street, and the New York Theatre, on Sixth street, still hold forth to their patrons, but with nothing of interest to note in them..... The Sunday evening "sacred" concerts at Military Hall seem to have become an established thing. Reed, Thompson, Alberts, Channon, Minnie Clark, Lizzie Mayling, and two or three others, constitute the company. Minnie Clark was down for a benefit on Sunday, the 18th..... Kohlbrandt, late proprietor of the Winter Garden and Olympic Theatre, has leased an open garden on Vine street, and proposes to give a variety show during the summer evenings.

ONE HALF INTEREST of the Canterbury Varieties, Washington, D. C., is offered for sale in an advertisement in another column. By statistics therein furnished it is to be deduced that there is money to be made in the speculation by an enterprising man. Go for it.

SALLIE SWIFT, Indian Club performer, commenced at the Metropolitan, Washington, on the 12th inst. Our correspondent says:—"She was well received, and her performance accorded much applause. Dick Clarke re-appeared on the 15th, after an absence of several weeks. Mr. Clarke took the bone end, made vacant by the retirement of Harry Hart, who goes with Orton & Co.'s Circus as clown. He sang the song called the 'Flying Trapeze' as an end selection, and in the olio appeared in several of his button-bursting oddities. Tom McIntyre remains on the tambourine end. In the first part Mollie Russell sings 'Maggie May' very prettily, and is each evening made a target for *encores*. George L. Hall, who has been connected with the establishment for months past, retired on the 17th inst. Mr. Hall, in addition to his duties as stage manager, has rendered good service by appearing in the minstrel scene as interrogator, and in the variety part in comical sketches. Susie Summerfield is a favorite here. Laura Vincent closed on the 17th. I was in error in my last in stating that the funeral expenses of the deceased doorkeeper, Frank Harrison, were borne by the company. Members of the troupe contributed, but the amount realized did not begin to defray the expenses. The exhilarating can-can is introduced each evening in the concluding piece, 'La Vie Parisienne. Emma Maccarty, Miss Violetta, Millie Stacy and Master Zoe remain in the company. Charlie Howard, Ethiopian performer, is announced to commence on the 19th inst..... Business is good at the Canterbury. No additions have been made to the company since my last, but on the contrary two very great favorites, Mlle. Idelle and Mons. Welthoff, have withdrawn. W. J. Thompson and his educated dog Hector closed on the 17th, after performing a successful four weeks' engagement. Mr. Thompson produced several dramas during his stay, his last and most successful one, being that of 'Nick Whittles.' Manager Fitzsimmons has prepared for the coming week an uncommonly attractive programme, replete with all that is novel and interesting. Alf. Miles is very successful as the 'Active Girl.' He appears in a very comical dress and does the business of the act similar to Johnny Thompson in the 'Active Boy.' It takes remarkably well, and Miles is nightly called out again and again. Sam Devine appears in banjo solos, May Andrews in ballads, and the Misses Jeanette and Celestine in dances. The 'Arrival of Dickens' is capitally performed by the burnt corkists. Miles and Celestine perform a characteristic dance in a very novel way. Miss Celestine executes a dance, and immediately upon retiring, Miles (in his 'Active Girl' dress), appears and closely imitates her. He storms and the lady again appears, in a dance entirely different from the first; this is burlesqued in the same clever manner, and the greatest merriment prevails. The young man who plays upon the piano in the orchestra is a rattling performer and deserves praise."

PITTSBURGH is well supplied with amusements the current week, there being two variety places, a circus, the Opera House, Old Folks' Concert, Burnell's Museum, Harpley's Minstrels, the Academy, the Continental Concert room, and the Pittsburgh Quartet Club in full blast. Manager Smythe, of the American, has prepared a pretty attractive bill of fare, and will no doubt receive a due share of public patronage. The Bedouin Arabs were the cards the past week. This week Mlle. Idelle, *danseuse*, Mons. Welthoff, *maitre de ballet*, Fayette Welch, Ethiopian comedian, and Emma Gardner, *danseuse*, appear.

THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., is reported to be doing a pretty good business under the management of Charley Kane. Harry Jefferson and Master Willie occupy the ends in the first part of the female minstrel scene, with Charley Kane as interrogator, Chrissie Morrell, vocalist, Julia Robinson, Millie Dulin, Lizzie LeFevre and Sig. Cotola are in the company. The burlesque of the "Red Fawn" was presented on the 12th.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., is meeting with a succession of good audiences, with Ada Richmond and Nellie Taylor as the leading attractions. Our correspondent, "Mac," under date of the 17th inst., says:—"Johnny Morrissey does a good song and dance. Sam Collyer introduced his Indian club exercise, and on the last three nights of his engagement appeared in a set-to with Johnny Mackey, the pugilist. The colored department is well attended to by Sam Devere, George W. Herman, Nick Norton and Morrissey. The performance during the first half of the week concluded with Edeson's military drama of 'The Female Sharp-shooters of Uncle Sam,' which was well placed upon the stage, and the latter part of the week 'Hedged and Husband' was given. Mlle. Kanane, clog dancer, Mr. D. Lacy and Adolphus Booth, Thespians, are underlined to appear on the 19th."

STARS are wanted by Manager H. W. Williams for his variety show, at the Old Pittsburgh Theatre, Pittsburgh, [illegible] will be seen by his card in our advertising col-

[illegible] followed on the 24th by Dan Creed, Mlle. A[illegible]

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, [illegible]ces Sullivan, the Dutch comedian, Charle[illegible], John Smith, Bella Iferd, Gus. Peters and M[illegible] on the company.

THE NEW FACES that appeared at the Comique, Indianapolis, Ind., the past week, were Frank Wilson, tambo; J. Shay, bones; Maggy Mayling and Millie Flora. The Comique closes May 1st, and the company go on a traveling tour on or about May 10th.

AT THE HOWARD OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, a reduction has been made in the admission, and business was better. The attractions the past week in the olio were:—Gurr's Aquatic Exercises, Gray's Corkographe, "Have You Seen Him," Burns' Ballads, and Master Georgie's wooden shoe dance. The performances commenced with "Loan of a Lover," with W. J. Wiggins as Peter, Maggie Willett as Gertrude, J. Clark Wells as Captain Amersfort, and Kate Morris as Ernestine. The afterpiece has been "Troubles in a-St. Louis Police Court," introducing D. S. Morris, the Dutch comedian.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, benefits have been the order of the day. On the 9th Mrs. Mary A. Deagle took a "ben." The farce and afterpiece were "Poor Pillicoddy" and "Arrah Na Pogue." In addition to the company, Con. T. Murphy, Willie J. Wiggins, Walter Bray, Tom Allen and others appeared. On the 12th Johnny Prendergast had a benefit, and on the 14th Alice Seldter followed suit. The theatre will not close on the 17th, as before reported, but will continue open. Johnny Campbell commences this week. On the night of Prendergast's benefit there was a clog contest for a silver cup, and a contest for a silver medal between Tom Riley and Pat Hanley.

THE CAN-CAN was produced at the Gaieties, Columbus, Ohio, on the 12th, and created quite a sensation among the audience. Miss Brown, while performing the Cloud Swing, on the 15th, missed his hold and fell to the stage. He was slightly hurt, and it is thought will be unable to perform for a day or two.

OF PHILADELPHIA MUSIC HALL AFFAIRS we have the following summary:—Valer's Winter Garden give a grand orchestral concert every afternoon and eveing. Miss Nellie Anderson, vocalist, is a card at this establishment..... At the Pavillion Varieties Mlle. Fraser and Master Johnny put in an appearance the past week, and met with much favor..... At Morton Hall, West Philadelphia, a good variety concert is given. Tom Connelly, a characteristic comic singer, is meeting with success there..... Crystal Varieties announces an engagement with Fattie Stewart, Ethiopian comedian and comic vocalist. Charles Cornell also joins the company.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MINSTRELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—American performers in every branch of the show business can be found scattered all over the world, and it is more particularly the case with negro minstrels, for they are to be heard of traveling even in New Zealand and South Africa. We are just in receipt of the following letter concerning the movements of some well known American performers:—

MURRAYSBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, Feb. 10th, 1869.

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ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

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